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Forde, Lord Grey, and Lady Henrietta Berkeley.

A FEW words of genealogical explanation will serve to introduce the chief personage in the melancholy tale now to be told. One branch of the great family of Gray or Grey, which "came over with the Conqueror," was settled almost from the first in Northumberland. It is not necessary for our purpose to go higher up on this line of descent than to Sir Thomas Grey, of Berwick and Chillingham, who died in 1402. His eldest son, Sir John, was created Earl of Tankerville in Normandy by Henry V.; and his second son, Thomas Grey, of Wark, was the ancestor of Sir Ralph Grey, of Chillingham, and Sir Edward Grey, of Howick, from the latter of whom Earl Grey is descended. Sir Ralph's son William was, in 1623, created Lord Grey of Wark, and William's son Forde, the main subject of our story, was, as will be related in its place, invested with the lapsed title of the Earl of Tankerville in 1695. Once again the title, dying with him, was revived in the person of his daughter's husband, Lord Ossulston, in which line it still remains.

It is with Forde, Lord Grey, that we have now to do. He was a man of strong will and impetuous passions. Either from untoward circumstances or from temperament, he was much given to litigation and a sort of high-headed, cavalier rowdyism. His life was a series of adventures, hairbreadth escapes, oscillating fortunes, great crimes, and extraordinary deliverances. He was married to Lady Mary, the daughter of the first Earl of Berkeley, and by her had one daughter, already alluded to as married to Lord Ossulston. Shortly after his marriage, and possibly even before it, Lord Grey conceived a passion for his wife's sister, the Lady Henrietta. This infamous amour began, on his part, when the girl was only fourteen years of age; but it had proceeded with

fluctuating force and success for four years before it reached its climax in the abduction and subsequent debauchment of its victim in 1632.



Ford Lord Grey

The unavoidable and most natural intimacy between Lord Grey and his wife's family effectually covered the guilty liason for a considerable time; but the eagerness

of passion on the one part concurred with the incaution of youth on the other to betray the dreadful secret to Lady Henrietta's mother. One day it so happened that the Countess of Berkeley, on entering her daughter's room, surprised her in the act of writing a letter, which, to all appearance, she was endeavouring to conceal. Asking to whom she had been writing, her ladyship received for reply that her daughter had been making up her accounts; but the blush upon the face told a different tale, and induced the mother to order another of her daughters, the Lady Arabella, to search the apartment. To prevent this, Lady Henrietta, with painful shame, delivered into her sister's hands a letter addressed to Lord Grey, which was as follows:—"My sister Bell did not suspect our being together last night, for she did not hear the noise. I pray, come again, Sunday or Monday; if the last, I shall be very impatient."

Lady Henrietta at once acquainted Lord Grey with the fact that they had been discovered, and shortly afterwards his lordship arrived at the house and requested an interview with Lady Arabella. Before this interview had well begun, Lady Henrietta came into the room and fell down, as one dead, at her lover's feet. Lord Grey raised her from the ground, and, turning to Arabella, said, "You see how far it has gone between us," adding, "I tell you that I have no love and no consideration for anything on earth but dear Lady Hen," on which Arabella, addressing her sister in tones of remonstrance, exclaimed, "I am very much troubled and annoyed that you can sit by and hear my Lord Grey declare such things when it so much concerns my sister Mary; for my part, it stabs me to the heart."

Shortly after this, the Countess of Berkeley sent for the recreant son-in-law, and reproached him for the grief and dishonour he had brought upon the family, telling him that he had (here we quote the report of the trial which arose out of the affair) "done barbarously, basely, and falsely with me in having an intrigue with his sister-in-law; that he, who should have risked his very life in defence of her honour, had done worse to her than if he had murdered her by thus indulging in criminal love for her." She asked him if he was indeed in love with his sister, and with tears he confessed it, bemoaning himself as the most unfortunate of men, and beseeching her by many arguments to keep the matter secret. He promised that, if she would still allow her unhappy daughter to go into society as usual, so as to avoid curious remarks, he would take care to keep out of her way; and to this arrangement the countess substantially agreed. But as there was some hitch which disabled Lord Grey from keeping his promise of going out of town, the prudent mother decided to send her daughter on a visit to her son, Lord Dursley. To this the young lady would not consent. "When I came to my daughter" (again quoting from the report

of her ladyship's evidence), "my wretched, unkind daughter—I have been so kind a mother to her, and would have died rather than brought this matter into court if there had been any other way to reclaim her—this child of mine, when I came up to her, fell into a great many tears, and begged my pardon for what she had done, promising that if I would forgive her she would never again hold any converse with her brother-in-law, adding all the things which would make a tender mother believe her." Receiving her protestations in all good faith, the countess recalled her plans for the visit to Lord Dursley, and this she more readily as her own household were on the point of removing for the season to their home at Durdanta, near Epsom, so that the separation of the two guilty ones could be maintained without exciting special observation. But when they got there, it was found to be impossible to maintain the separation with needful stringency without awakening uneasiness in the mind of Lady Grey. Indeed, the injured wife had already got an inkling that something was amiss, but of the dreadful truth she was entirely ignorant, until it burst upon her like a thunder-clap one fine Sunday morning in August, 1682, when her sister disappeared, as was suspected and afterwards proved, by appointment with Lord Grey.

So far as ever transpired, no one actually accompanied Lady Henrietta in her flight, but it seems probable that the whole affair had been arranged by one Charnock, Lord Grey's confidential servant. It came out on the trial that Charnock had been at certain houses a short time previous to this date, inquiring for lodgings, pretending that they were for his wife, who was near her confinement. At all events, on that Sunday, there came to the house of Mrs. Hilton, not far from Charing Cross, at seven o'clock in the morning, a lady attired precisely as Lady Henrietta was when she left her father's house. Charnock was not with her, and she did not stay long. Mrs. Charnock called upon her, and then she, as well as Mrs. Hilton, went with her to the house of one Patten, in Wild Street, Leicester Square. Here it is probable she met her lover; for, on the following day, Monday, Lord Grey called on David Jones, who lived "over against the statue" at Charing Cross, and engaged lodgings for a lady, who on the Tuesday came with his lordship.

Of course, the Earl of Berkeley could no longer be kept in ignorance of the unhappy trouble, and both he and other members of the family were at first only anxious to have the affair hushed up as soon and as quietly as possible. He authorised one Mr. Smith, a son-in-law of his, to propose to Lord Grey to give up his mistress to be decently married to some parson or other, if one sufficiently compliant could be found, and there appears to have been no doubt that plenty such were to be had, in which case Lord Berkeley was willing to give his daughter the handsome portion of £6,000. This probably suggested to Lord Grey the course he actually adopted.

He declined to give up his mistress; but to baffle her relatives, in case matters came to the worst, he had her married privately to one Turner, a creature of his own, although a son of one of the judges by whom the case was investigated before a formal trial became necessary.

All the efforts of Lord Berkeley to recover possession of his daughter proving abortive, he at length proceeded by way of indictment against Lord Grey, the Char-nocks, man and wife, and Mr. and Mrs. Jones, lodging-house keepers, for a misdemeanour of the nature of a conspiracy to debauch Lady Henrietta. The trial took place before Chief-Justice Pemberton and others, in November, 1682. By the mouths of many witnesses the story of shame and sorrow was unfolded to the jury, substantially as we have already presented it. The unfortunate lady was in the court during the trial, and the sight of her, after all the infamy she had brought upon herself and on her family, unnerved her mother and sisters, while it exasperated her father to fury. At her first entrance he could not restrain himself, but passionately besought the judges to restore his daughter to his custody and control. The court, however, refused to entertain the question at that stage. For the defence several witnesses were called to prove that Lord Grey had no hand in the business. The most important of these witnesses was the Lady Henrietta herself. She distinctly swore that Lord Grey had no hand in her escape, that she had no advice from him or anybody connected with him, and that he knew nothing of her design. In answer to questions, she denied that she had seen his lordship on the day of flight, Sunday, or on Monday, or "for a great while after." She admitted that she had written to him on the Tuesday, alleging that she deemed it the most natural thing in the world, "he being the nearest relation she had to whom she could look for protection." She further swore that his lordship's reply was very harsh, and that he repeatedly urged her to return to her father. The presiding judge summed up dead against all the accused except Mr. and Mrs. Jones, who were acquitted. When the jury were in the act of retiring, Lord Berkeley, addressing the court, prayed that he might have his daughter delivered up to him. The Lord Chief-Justice signified his concurrence in the demand, but the lady herself cried out, "I will not go to my father again. My lord, I am married." Lord Chief-Justice: "To whom?" Lady Henrietta: "To Mr. Turner." Judge: "Where is he?" Lady: "Here in court." Way being made for him, Turner took his place beside the lady who had claimed from him the protection of a husband's authority. But this mode of settling the claim was not to pass unchallenged, as will appear by the following extract from the report of the trial:—

Lord Chief-Justice: Let's see him that has married you. Are you married to this lady?

Mr. Turner: Yes, I am so, my lord.

Lord Chief-Justice: What are you?

Mr. Turner: I am a gentleman.

Lord Chief-Justice: Where do you live?

Mr. Turner: Sometimes in town, and sometimes in the country.

Lord Chief-Justice: Where do you live when you are in the country?

Mr. Turner: Sometimes in Somersetshire.

Justice Dolben: He is, I believe, the son of Sir William Turner that was the advocate; he is a little like him.

Serjeant Jeffries: Ay, we all know Mr. Turner well enough. And, to satisfy you this is all a part of the same design, and one of the foulest practices that ever was used, we shall prove he was married to another person before, that is now alive, and has children by him.

Mr. Turner: Ay, do, if you can, for there was never such thing.

Serjeant Jeffries: Pray, sir, did not you live at Bromley with a woman as man and wife, and had divers children, and, living so intimately, were you not questioned about it, and you and she owned yourselves to be man and wife?

Mr. Turner: My lord, there is no such thing; but this is my wife I do acknowledge.

Attorney-General: We pray, my lord, that he may have his oath.

Mr. Turner: My lord, here are the witnesses ready to prove it that were by.

Earl of Berkeley: Truly as to that, to examine this matter by witnesses, I conceive this court, though it be a great court, yet has not the cognizance of marriages; and though here be a pretence of a marriage, yet I know you will not determine it, how ready soever he may be to make it out by witnesses; but I desire she may be delivered up to me, her father, and let him take his remedy.

Lord Chief-Justice: I see no reason but my lord may take his daughter.

Earl of Berkeley: I desire the court he will deliver her to me.

Justice Dolben: My lord, we cannot dispose of any other man's wife, and they say they are married; we have nothing to do with it.

Lord Chief-Justice: My Lord Berkeley, your daughter is free to you to take her; as for Mr. Turner, if he thinks he has any right to the lady, let him take his course. Are you at liberty and under no restraint?

Lady Henrietta: I will go with my husband.

Earl of Berkeley: Hussey, you shall go home with me.

Lady Henrietta: I will go with my husband.

Earl of Berkeley: Hussey, you shall go with me, I say.

Lady Henrietta: I will go with my husband.

After an interlude concerning the bailing of Lord Grey, the old earl renewed his demand to have his daughter given up to him. The Lord Chief-Justice said, "My lord, we do not hinder you; you may take her." Lady Henrietta: "I will go with my husband." Earl of Berkeley: "Then all that are my friends, seize her, I charge you." Then the court broke up. "Passing through the hall," says a contemporary account of the occurrence, "there was a great scuffle about the lady, and swords drawn on both sides, and my Lord Chief-Justice, coming by, ordered the tipstaff who attended him (who had formerly a warrant to search for her and take her into custody) to take charge of her, and carry her over to the King's Bench; and Mr. Turner, asking if he should be committed too, the Chief-Justice told him he might go with her if he would, which he did, and, as it is reported, they lay together that night in the Marshal's house, and she was released out of prison by order of the court the last day of the term."

The verdict of the jury was against the chief offender

and his two principal agents, the Charnocks; but ultimately the affair was compromised, and ended in a record of *nolle prosequi*.

Lord Grey had his hands full enough of plots and risks, in addition to his disgraceful amour. In this very year, 1682, he had been indicted, with several others of better fame than his own, for a riotous interference with the election of sheriff for the city of London, and fined one thousand marks. Before many months had elapsed, he was involved in the celebrated Rye House Plot, wherein for a while he was associated with men who bore the honoured names of Sidney and Russell. But he was more wary or more fortunate than they. When on his way to the Tower, he contrived to get his guards intoxicated, and, leaving them peacefully slumbering in the carriage, betook himself to flight. Holland was the place he selected as a hiding place, and thither he went, accompanied by his mistress and her nominal husband. In 1685, he returned to England in the suite of the Duke of Monmouth, and took part in the rash enterprise which culminated in the battle of Sedgemoor. Both at Bridport and in the engagement of Sedgemoor, Lord Grey is said to have behaved in a dastardly fashion, thereby adding a fresh blot to his already sullied name. To crown his cowardice, he purchased his pardon by writing, when a prisoner in the Tower, a full confession, which was a designed justification of the severity with which Lord William Russell had been treated for the Rye House Plot, and a tissue of falsehoods against the Duke of Monmouth.

Subsequent to the Revolution of 1688, Lord Grey continued in the background for a time, but gradually recovered more than his old influence, and for services, supposed or real, was invested with the earldom of Tankerville. Macaulay, describing the debates in the Upper House on the insertion of the words "right and lawful" as applied to William of Orange in the Act of Succession, says:—"But no man distinguished himself more in the debate than one whose life, both public and private, had been one long series of faults and disasters, the incestuous lover of Henrietta Berkeley, the unfortunate lieutenant of the Duke of Monmouth. He had recently ceased to be called by the tarnished name of Grey of Wark, and was now Earl of Tankerville. He spoke on that day with great force and eloquence for the maintenance of the words 'right and lawful.'"

After this, it is not wonderful that he attained places of trust and power. During the absence of King William in 1700, he was appointed First Commissioner of the Treasury and one of the Lords Justices. Later in the same year he was made Lord Privy Seal.

Lord Grey died on Midsummer Day, 1701. The hapless victim of his passion spent the remnant of her days in obscurity abroad.

The Shilbottle Blue Bonnet.

FROM the very nature of his employment, mining, mole-like, far underground, with a constant liability to loss of limb or life, the uneducated pitman of every land is prone to superstition. The Northumberland coal-miner, such as he was less than a century since, was no exception to this rule. He believed in all sorts of omens, warnings, and signs. Many things, insignificant in themselves, had a weighty meaning to him. A rabbit, a hare, or a woman crossing the path on his way before daybreak to the pit, would cause him to return home and go to bed again, thereby losing a day's winning. Nightmare or other dreams were, of course, premonitory of sudden inroads of water, outgoings of gas, or fatal falls of stone. Knockings were heard occasionally down below, of which no account could be given: these were also ominous. And the pits were, moreover, haunted by mischievous goblins whose sole delight was to annoy and terrify the pit people, men and boys. One of these was that spiteful elf Cutty Soams, whose doings have already been recorded in these pages. (See *ante*, vol. i., p. 269.) Of another goblin—altogether a more sensible, and, indeed, an honest and hard-working bogle, much akin to the Scottish brownie—a writer in the *Colliery Guardian*, of May 23rd, 1863, wrote as follows:—

The supernatural person in question was no other than a ghostly putter, and his name was "Bluecap." Sometimes the miners would perceive a light-blue flame flicker through the air, and settle on a full coal-tub, which immediately moved towards the rolley-way as though impelled by the sturdiest sinews in the working. Industrious Bluecap required, and rightly, to be paid for his services, which he modestly rated as those of an ordinary average putter; therefore, once a fortnight Bluecap's wages were left for him in a solitary corner of the mine. If they were a farthing below his due, the indignant Bluecap would not pocket a stiver; if they were a farthing above his due, indignant Bluecap left the surplus revenue where he found it. The writer asked his informant, a hewer, whether, if Bluecap's wages were now-a-days to be left for him, he thought they would be appropriated; the man shrewdly answered, he thought they would be taken by Bluecap, or somebody else.

At Shilbottle Colliery, near Alnwick, Bluecap was better known as Blue Bonnet. But the Shilbottle pitmen no longer believe in any such unearthly diminutive imp as their forefathers used to think and say they saw, pushing the full tubs to the rolley-way, when there were no human putters there. They are now a well-educated, intelligent, orderly class of men. Seventy or eighty years ago, however, their parish minister thought it his duty to report concerning them to Parliament, that "most of the poor, being pitmen, are able to educate their children; but they are regardless of their receiving any instruction, or observance of the Sabbath, which is attributed," concludes the worthy man, "to the dissemination of atheistical and seditious pamphlets." This curious report was printed, by order of the House of Commons, on the

1st of April, 1819, in a blue book entitled "A Digest of Parochial Returns."

The Dutch or Flemings have a counterpart of our Blue Bonnet in a spirit whom they call Roodkep, that is Red Cap, and also "the little briek boy," Kaboutermannetjes. Like the Scottish Brownie, he vanishes for ever on receiving a gift of new clothes; and, unlike the Northumberland sprite, he does not seem to expect any money wage.

All these dwarfish beings, according to Norse mythology, were bred in the mould of the earth, just as worms are in a dead body. "It was, in fact, in Ymir's flesh"—[Ymir, a giant whom the divine sons of Bor slew to form from his corpse this terraqueous globe]—"it was in Ymir's flesh that the dwarfs were engendered, and began to move and live. At first they were only maggots, but by the will of the gods they at length partook both of human shape and understanding, although they always dwell in rocks and caverns." So the illustrious Snorri Sturlason tells us; and if we do not believe his tale to be strictly true, we may perhaps still believe some things that are equally false.

Jeremiah Dixon, Mathematician.

MASON and Dixon's Line was more familiar to the general public during the old slavery days in the United States than it is now. The name was given to an imaginary line which, stretching across the continent of North America, separated the Free States from the Slave States. It gave rise to the well-known negro song, "Dixie's Land." The line got its name from two English astronomers and mathematicians—Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon—who in 1763-67 marked out the boundaries between the possessions of Lord Baltimore and the family of William Penn, then the rival proprietors of Maryland and Pennsylvania. But it is not generally known, even in the County Palatine, that the Dixie of the negro song, the Jeremiah Dixon of American history, was a native of Durham. A biographical sketch of this worthy and distinguished man was contributed by Mr. Matthew Richley to a Bishop Auckland magazine in 1854. What follows is copied with a few slight corrections from Mr. Richley's sketch.

Jeremiah Dixon, one of the greatest mathematicians as well as one of the most ingenious men of his age, was born in the out-of-the-way village of Cockfield, and was the son of an old and faithful servant of the Raby family, whose picture is still preserved in Raby castle, bearing the following inscription—"An Israelite, indeed, in whom there is no guile." Jeremiah received the first rudiments of his education under Mr. John Kipling, of Barnard Castle,

but was in a great measure self-taught. He was a contemporary, and on very intimate terms, with that celebrated and strange compound of genius and eccentricity, William Emmerson, of Hurworth; and also with John Bird, of Bishop Auckland, another ingenious and kindred spirit, who was an engraver and mathematical instrument maker, and who made an instrument for taking the latitude at sea which surpassed all others previously used.

There appears to be no record left, either written or oral, with respect to the early manifestations of Dixon's genius; but, if the history of the development of his peculiar turn for mathematics and mechanics could be traced from its first rude dawning up to the time when he came out a public character—to be entrusted with responsible tasks requiring abilities of the first order—there can be no doubt that there would be found in it, as in that of most men of genius, many pleasing incidents worthy of being preserved.

Jeremiah was selected by the Royal Academy of Woolwich as a fit person to be sent out to the island of St. Helena for the purpose of observing the transit of the planet Venus across the sun's disc; he was recommended by his friend, John Bird, who had some connection with that school. When Dixon was undergoing his examination by the learned of that establishment, with respect to his qualifications for the task, the first question put to him by them was, "Whether did you study mathematics at Cambridge or Oxford?" "At neither place," said Jeremiah. "Then at what public school did you get your rudiments?" "At no public school," was the reply. "Then at what particular seat of learning did you acquire it?" "In a pit cabin upon Cockfield Fell," said the humble scholar.

Dixon's abilities were tested, and found equal to the task; he was accordingly sent, and performed the work to the satisfaction of his employers. The Academy which sent him out was a military one; and from that time till the day of his death he wore its uniform—a red coat and a cocked hat. It was after the expedition to St. Helena that he was engaged to fix the boundaries of the provinces of Maryland and Pennsylvania.

It is known that Dixon was the originator of many of the mechanical contrivances and machines now used about coal works. There is even a belief that he was the original discoverer of coal gas, and that his own garden wall, on the edge of Cockfield Fell, was the first place ever lit up by that most useful article. This discovery is generally attributed to William Murdoch, a native of Cornwall, who, in the year 1792, employed it for lighting his own house and offices at Redruth, and in 1798 constructed the apparatus for the purpose of lighting Boulton and Watt's Works, Soho, near Birmingham. With respect to Dixon's claim to the discovery, the probability is that it was simultaneous with that of Murdoch, and that, living in an obscure

locality, and being also of a retired and unostentatious disposition, his discovery did not become known till after that of the Cornish inventor. Dixon's first experiment is said to have been made—like that of many other embryo philosophers—with rather a rude sort of apparatus; his first retort was an old tea kettle, and for pipes, to convey the gas along the orchard wall, he used the stalks of hemlock!

The Highlanders at Wolsingham.

DURING the Jacobite rebellion of 1745—commonly known as “The Highlander Year”—a very general alarm naturally prevailed among the dalesmen of the North, when, after the rout of the Royal forces at Prestonpans and the disgraceful flight of the English general, the “Johnny Cope” of the popular song, it became known that the Highlanders had entered England, and were marching unopposed towards London. Previous experiences of the Scottish inroad led to the belief that the redoubtable invaders would seek to penetrate into the land, not along the most frequented high roads, where they were likeliest to meet with troublesome obstructions and trying delays, but through the unguarded hill passes and down the sequestered dales, every foot of which had been familiar to the old moostroopers.

One of the favourite routes of these marauders previous to the union of the crowns was that which has been immortalised in the ballad of “Rookhope Ryde,” (See *ante*, p. .) It led over the wild moors from Allenheds to Stanhope. Nothing was more likely than that some of the Highlanders at least, cattle-drovers who knew all the “drove roads” from Stirlingshire to Hertfordshire, would take this way into Weardale, across the wastes and commons, to harry the rich granges of the bishopric. At Wolsingham, which would be the first place of any consequence lying right in their path on this particular route, the peaceful villagers, tenants of the Church, were for some days in sore suspense; for a report reached them that a strong body of the kilted invaders, fully armed with dirks and claymores, had marched from Penrith by way of Alston, and might be expected on the banks of the Wear at any moment. It was said they raised forced contributions at every house as they went along, their peremptory order to the mistress of each being something like this, “Put toon a preed, a sheeze, an’ a shillin’,” which order, if not instantly complied with, led to violence and spoliation. In this emergency, every fencible man in Wolsingham, that is, every male inhabitant between sixteen and sixty, was ordered by Bishop Chandler's local representative to hold himself in

readiness in case of surprise, with such arms as he could provide; and the order was promptly obeyed by all.

When the universal fear was at its height, a man who had run “like a bather” all the way from the head of the Wascrow Beck down to Wolsingham, knocked loudly at the door of the first house in the village that he came to, and called out that the rebels were fast approaching. When standing on a hill-top, late the previous afternoon, he had seen them making their way past the Dead Friars, over Stanhope Common, and he verily believed they were now close at hand, from the rate at which they were marching. Horns were at once blown and the church bells set a-ringing, to arouse the inhabitants from their peaceful slumber. It was a dark, rainy November night, like that on which Tam o’ Shanter set out on his memorable ride home. It was consequently under very disagreeable circumstances that the villagers had to turn out; but as they felt that their lives and properties were at stake, a unanimous resolution was formed that they would patrol the street till the enemy should appear, or at any rate till daylight. Morning came, but not the rebels. As they could not be very far off, however, scouts were sent out in different directions to ascertain their actual whereabouts. The scouts all came back, saying they could hear no tidings of them. It was consequently agreed that a score of horsemen should cross the Wear and ascend the neighbouring hills, from whence they would have a view of the whole country round; while such as were unprovided with horses should remain to defend the village in case of a sudden attack.

The cavaliers set off accordingly, and soon reached the top of a ridge called the Shull Hills, where they halted to reconnoitre. They had not been there many minutes before a large moving mass was seen to reach the top of Bollihope Fell, a few miles to the westward; in quite a different direction, therefore, from that which the man had indicated; and the alarmed scouts at once jumped to the conclusion that this mass could only be composed of rebels. Rebels or not, it was soon clear that they were marching straight in the direction of Wolsingham, and that, from the pace at which they were advancing, it could not be above an hour ere they would be close upon the town. Nor was this all: the first band had not got far down the hill before another appeared, and then a third, all going at the same rate and in the same course.

What was now to be done? Judging from appearances, there could not be less than five or six hundred of the unbreeched vagabonds; and to wait their approach where the scouts stood would, of course, be inevitable death or capture. A retreat was therefore commenced, in the hope that, on regaining home, they might be enabled, with the assistance of their fellow-townsmen, to check and drive off the enemy, or least to make terms with them. Orderly enough at first, the retreat by and by became a race. A cry having been raised that the vanguard of the rebels had gained the top of the hill behind them,

each man felt that his own personal safety now depended on the speed of his charger, and off they all galloped helter-skelter. Those whose horses were swift of foot took the lead, whilst, as a necessary consequence, the slowest were left behind.

To add to the confusion, a poor tailor, who had borrowed for the occasion a rather spirited mare belonging to a neighbouring farmer who was lying ill at the time, irritated his beast by tugging hard at the check rein and simultaneously sticking his spurs into her flanks, in the vain endeavour to lessen her speed. Eager to compete among the foremost in the race, and unaccustomed to the methods of her rider, the mare began plunging and kicking in a desperate manner. So the tailor, who carried athwart the saddle-bow an old blunderbus ready loaded, got into such a predicament that he fairly lost his head. Expecting every moment to be landed among the horse's feet, he grasped the pommel convulsively, and, in so doing, touched the trigger of the blunderbus, which went off with a bang, and shot the horse of the miller, who was passing at the moment. Down went miller and horse, and over him rolled the tailor and his mare, and as the path was narrow and steep, and stony withal, and several more riders were spurring on behind, the two unhappy wights ran great risk of having their limbs broken; but luckily both escaped with a sore fright.

Meanwhile, the enemy was close behind, and it behoved miller and tailor to pick themselves up as best they could. When lo! instead of four or five hundred ferocious Celts, bent on slaughter, out came about two hundred little Highland kyloes, snorting, stamping, and lashing their tails, followed by half-a-dozen lithe-limbed, belted and plaided gillies, who had brought the cattle all the way from Doune Latter Fair, along the drove roads, as they were called, which lay over the wildest tracts of the South of Scotland and North of England.

It had been, therefore, a shameful panic, unworthy of the descendants of the men who fought so valiantly and successfully against heavy odds at Rookhope. But in this world, and doubtless in every other, the inevitable must be accepted, and it is always best to accept it, if possible, with a good grace. So thought the Wolsingham braves, all at least but the miller, who had lost a valuable horse. The tailor, as we may safely presume, never heard the end of the ridiculous tragi-comedy, he having been the only man who had shed blood during the performance.

The rebels, as history tells, went another road, and never came within the bounds of the bishopric. But it was a long time before any of those who had escaped the stigma of cowardice, through not having steeds to bestride, durst mention the word "kyloe" in the hearing of any of their equestrian friends; for, unless they were prepared and able to defend themselves against the stamperers in a game of fisticuffs, they would have been sure to rue their funning. The expedition to Shull Hill forms

a prominent episode in the history of the town, and, as such, will not be allowed to fall into oblivion.

The Shrike, or Butcher Bird.



ACCORDING to Dr. Brehm's arrangement, the Shrikes (*Lanius*) are a numerous and well-known group of birds, found in all parts of the world. Though over a score of different species have been noted and described, only three at most have been observed in this country. In all these birds the body is powerful and the breast prominent; the neck is strong, the head comparatively large and round; and the wings are broad and rounded. The third or fourth quill exceeds the rest in length, while the tail is long and graduated. The beak is powerful, compressed at the sides, and terminates in a strong hook, near which the upper mandible has a very perceptible tooth-like appendage. The feet are large and strong, the toes long and armed with sharp claws, and the plumage is rich, thick, and varied.



Shrikes, which prey more or less on the smaller members of the feathered family, frequent wooded districts and pasture lands where shelter is abundant. Such species as frequent high latitudes migrate regularly in the autumn, and find their way, in search of food, as far south as Central Africa. In their habits they closely resemble some of the birds of prey, and their movements are said to be similar to those of the raven family. They can easily imitate the notes of other birds, and this habit, no doubt, secures them a portion of their feathered prey. Their flight is irregular, and they progress on the ground by a succession of jumps or hops. They devour insects in large numbers, and prey extensively on finches, sparrows, &c. A remarkable characteristic of this family, through which they are called butcher birds, is a habit

they have of spiking their victims, birds and beetles alike, on sharp thorns. They nest in well-sheltered places, and the broods, of from four to six, remain for a considerable time in the company of their parents. They are believed to breed but once a year, except in cases where the nests have been plundered.

The Ash-coloured Shrike (*Lanius excubitor*) has a long list of common names, such as Great Shrike, Great Grey Shrike, Greater Butcher Bird, Sentinel Butcher Bird, Murdering Pie, and Shreek. It is found in nearly every country in Europe, from north to south, and also in the temperate parts of North America. It is described by Mr. Hancock as "a rare winter migrant." But correspondents of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* have mentioned that specimens have been seen near Morpeth and elsewhere in the Northern Counties during the early months of the present year.

Butcher birds are said to be easily tamed, even if captured when full-grown. When in confinement they fasten their prey, or food, to the wires of the cage. Yarrell says that the bird "is used by falconers abroad during autumn and winter when trapping falcons." "The shrike," he adds, "is fastened to the ground, and, by screaming loudly, gives notice to the falconer who is concealed, of the approach of a hawk. It was on this account, therefore, called 'excubitor'—the sentinel." Mr. Knapp, however, in his "Journal of a Naturalist," says that the above name was appropriately given to the bird by Linnaeus from its seldom concealing itself in a bush, but sitting perched on some upper spray, in an open situation, heedful of danger, or watching for its prey. One was caught in the act of pouncing on the decoy bird of a fowler, "who," says Bishop Stanley, "having kept it awhile in confinement, was soon glad to get rid of it, as the sound of its voice at once hushed to silence the notes

of his whole choir of birds." Speaking of the peculiar habits of these birds in spiking their prey, one writer says:—"We have seen the New Holland butcher bird (*Vanga destructor*) act in this manner when in captivity, and after strangling a mouse or crushing its skull, doubled it through the wires of its cage, and, in very demonstration of savage triumph, tear it limb from limb and devour it. The bird to which we allude had the talent of imitation to great perfection, and had learnt to sing several bars of airs, with a full-toned musical voice. It executed the first part of 'Over the Water to Charlie' with a spirit that would have gone to the heart of an old Jacobite." Rennie tells us that the great shrike is trained in Russia to catch small birds, and is valuable for its destruction of rats and mice. It is a very courageous bird, attacking fearlessly those which are much its superior in size, even the eagle it is said, and it will not allow a hawk, crow, or magpie to approach its nest with impunity. Montagu, who kept several of these birds, found that at the end of two months they lose the affection for each other which they seem to exhibit in the wild state, and quarrel and fight even till one is slain.

The flight of the great grey shrike is slow and undulating, and can rarely be sustained for more than a few minutes at a time; even when merely passing from one tree to another it moves in undulating lines, keeping near the ground, and rapidly agitating both its wings and tail. When the bird is perched, the tail is in constant motion, like that of the magpie. Its sight is excellent, and its sense of hearing so delicate as at once to detect the slightest sound. During the breeding season, it lives peaceably with its mate; but after that period each individual provides only for itself, and carries on an incessant warfare with other birds.

The male bird weighs a little over two ounces; length,

South East View of Twizell House.



from nine to ten inches; the upper mandible is bluish black at the base, and there is a strong projection near its point, which is considerably hooked; the lower one is yellowish brown at the base, brownish black at the tip; a black streak runs from it to the eye, and a narrower one under the eye—over the former is a streak of white, which runs into the grey of the nape, widening into an oval patch over the ear; iris, dark brown; forehead, dull white; head, crown, neck, and nape, light ash grey; chin, throat, and breast, white; back, light ash grey. The wings, which are short, expand to a width of one foot two or three inches. The female resembles the male, but the colours are more dull, the blue grey assuming a brownish tint; and the breast is marked with numerous semicircular greyish lines. Temminck says there is a variety that is nearly pure white, the black parts slightly tinged with grey. Another variety is described as entirely white, with a tinge of rich yellow.

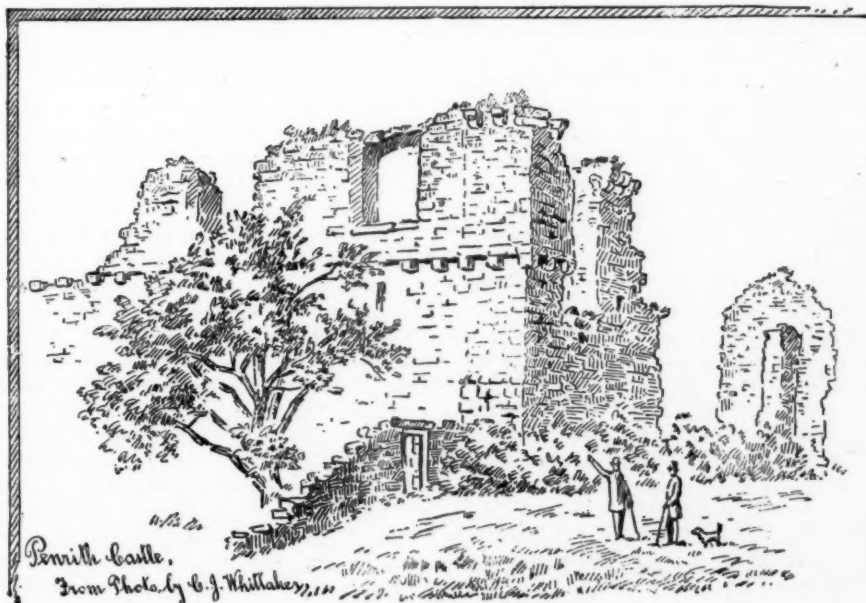
Twizell House.

TWIZELL HOUSE, the residence of the Rev. Edmund Antrobus, is picturesquely situated about ten miles north of Alnwick, in the county of Northumberland. For the greater part of the present century Twizell was a place of interest to lovers of natural history as the seat of Mr. Prideaux John Selby, whose "Illustrations of British Ornithology"

and "History of British Forest Trees" have given him a wide and well-merited reputation. Mr. Selby was born in Bondgate, Alnwick, on July 23, 1788, and died at Twizell House, March 27, 1867.

Penrith Castle.

THE ruins of Penrith Castle are situated close to the railway station of the old Cumberland town. They consist only of a few bare walls unrelieved by ivy or other natural adornments. Constructed of the red stone of the district, the fortress appears to have been a perfect quadrangle, with a tower at each corner. The entrance was on the east, and the moat can still be traced. Like most old castles, it has its subterranean passage, which was supposed to lead from the castle to a house in Penrith, called Dockwray Hall, about 300 yards distant. Viewed from the other side of the vale, the ruins have a certain amount of dignity. Erected about the end of the fourteenth century, Penrith Castle was for some time the residence of the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III., who won the goodwill of the inhabitants of Penrith by the magnificence of his style of living. It continued in the possession of the Crown till the Revolution, when it was granted, together with the honour of Penrith, to Walter Bentinck, first Earl of Portland. During the contest between Charles I.



and the Long Parliament, the castle was seized and dismantled by the adherents of the Commonwealth, and the lead, timber, and other materials, were sold. In 1783, the Duke of Portland disposed of it, together with the honour of Penrith, including Inglewood Forest, to the Duke of Devonshire, who made it away to other parties.

Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Welford.

Sir Ralph Delaval,

FOUNDER OF SEATON SLUICE.

FOR a summary of the early descents of the Delavals, recourse may be had to an interesting paper contributed by the Rev. Edward Hussey Adamson to the twelfth volume of the "*Archæologia Æliana*." Whatsoever was obscure in the genealogy, or erroneously described in visitations and pedigrees of the family, has been rectified by Mr. Adamson's investigations; while the eventful career of one conspicuous representative of his race has received fresh elucidation through the patient researches of Mr. John Robinson among forgotten salvage from the family archives. In the pages of the *Monthly Chronicle* much of what was known beforehand about the Delavals, and most of that which has recently been discovered concerning them, have, from time to time, appeared. It remains now to gather up what is left, and try to make the biographical record consecutive, complete, and intelligible.

During the greater part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the local representative of this ancient family was Sir Robert Delaval, Knight. His eldest son, Sir Ralph Delaval, who had married a daughter of Thomas, Baron Hilton of Hilton, and was thrice High Sheriff of Northumberland, succeeded him. Another of his sons became Sir John Delaval of Dissington, Knight, twice High Sheriff, and, in the second Parliament of Charles I., one of the M.P.'s for the county. A third son, Claudius Delaval, received the appointment of Town Clerk of Newcastle; other sons were Edward Delaval, of Bebside, and Robert Delaval, of Cowpen. To Sir Ralph, the heir of Sir Robert, also came numerous offspring, but he outlived his first-born son Robert (married to Elizabeth, daughter of Sir George Selby, of Newcastle), and when he died, in 1628, the property passed over to his grandson (Robert's son), Ralph Delaval.

Ralph Delaval married, at St. Nicholas' Church, Newcastle, on the 2nd of April, 1646, the Lady Anne, daughter of General Lesley, Earl of Leven, commander

of the Scottish army by which, two years before, the town had been stormed and taken. Under the will of his grandfather he did not come into possession of the whole of the family property till 1649. In that year he was appointed High Sheriff of Northumberland, and a member of the Commission appointed to report upon the number and value of Church livings in the county—a Commission which produced what is known as the "Oliverian, or Parliamentary Survey." These duties discharged, he lived, till nearly the close of the Commonwealth, the life of a country gentleman, absorbed in the management of his estates, collieries, and salt pans. But when the Lord Protector died, and a Restoration of the Monarchy became imminent, he entered Richard Cromwell's Parliament as a knight of the shire for his native county. As soon as the Restoration had been accomplished, he was re-elected, and then the family of Delaval, which for generations had borne the honour of knighthood, were advanced a step in dignity and precedence. On the 29th of June, 1660, Charles II. made Ralph Delaval a baronet.

To the Pensionary Parliament, elected in the spring of the following year, Sir Ralph Delaval did not go. He made way at that election for Henry Cavendish, Viscount Mansfield. The motives of his retirement were creditable to him. He was desirous to see the county represented by a rising statesman, and he had in view an undertaking of great moment to himself, and of considerable value to the commerce of the district. Upon his manor of Seaton he possessed an ancient landing-place, dry at low water and difficult of access at all times, and he contemplated the construction of a new harbour, which should afford adequate accommodation for increasing traffic in coal, salt, corn, and other produce of his estate. In the face of great difficulties he proceeded to realise his design. The stone pier which he erected to withstand the influx of the sea was washed away more than once; his new entrance silted up and threatened to become as troublesome as the old one. But these difficulties seemed only to stimulate his energies. He rebuilt the pier better and stronger each time, and to prevent silting he erected sluice-gates, which, being shut by the flowing tide, compelled the water in the burn to accumulate till the ebb, when it forced open the gates, scoured the bed of the stream, swept the haven, and rendered navigation safe and easy. Thus was created the little harbour of Seaton Sluice, one of the local wonders of maritime commerce in the last century.

Upon the elevation of Viscount Mansfield to the peerage in 1676 as Duke of Newcastle, Sir Ralph Delaval resumed the seat which fifteen years earlier he had surrendered. He attached himself to the Court party in the House, and in a dispute between the king and Parliament, which occurred the year after his return, took the side of the monarch. For this he was pilloried

by a contemporary satirist, who, having insinuated that some of the Court party were "enlisted by offices, nay, a few by bribes secretly given them," put him into a list of that party, with the sum of £500 attached to his name.

Sir Ralph was an active justice of the peace for Northumberland, and as such was appointed one of the Commissioners of Gaol Deliveries in the county. His name occurs in a rent roll of the first Earl of Derwentwater as a tenant owing half a year's fee farm rent for land in Tynewmouth due at Pentecost, 1671. With the ducal family of Northumberland, he held the alternate presentation to the church at Tynewmouth, and appears to have taken some interest in parochial affairs there, acting as one of the Four-and-Twenty, and attaching his signature to the minutes of the vestry meetings as chairman.

When King Charles II. died, Sir Ralph was over sixty years of age, and being unwilling, or unable, to bear the fatigue which travelling to London and attendance in Parliament involved, he retired, and William Ogle, of Cawsey Park, took his place. Settling down once more at Delaval Castle, he outlived the Revolution and flight of James II., saw the Prince of Orange established on the throne, and died on the 29th of August, 1691. His wife, the Lady Anne, by whom he had seven sons and six daughters, followed in 1696. Within forty years of her decease this large family of thirteen ended in daughters, and practically came to an end. The heir died, as we have seen, before his father, leaving no issue. Sir Ralph, second son, succeeded to the property, and died five years after his father, at the age of 46, leaving an only daughter, Diana, who married William, son of the second Sir Edward Blackett. After Sir Ralph came the third son, Sir John, who, being the last male survivor, sold the Seaton estate to come after his decease to his kinsman, Admiral George Delaval. Thenceforward Sir John lived at "The Lodge," Seaton Sluice, which, he boasted, was the finest thatched house in the kingdom. He also, like his brother, had an only daughter, and, according to Spearman's MSS., it was to provide her with a dowry of £10,000 upon her marriage with John Rogers of Denton, that he sold the reversion of his patrimonial estate. "Mrs. Rogers," continues Spearman, "died within the year, as was said by a posset given by Sir John's mistress, Mrs. Poole, and Mr. Rogers went distracted."

Admiral George Delaval, who thus acquired the ancestral home of one branch of his family, was a son of George Delaval of North Dissington, and grandson of Sir John Delaval of the same place, which Sir John, as described at the outset, was a younger son of Sir Robert Delaval and Dorothy Grey. He was placed in the navy under the auspices of his relative, Admiral Sir Ralph Delaval (of whom more

presently), and, rising to a position of trust in the service of his country, was employed in embassies to Portugal and Morocco. He pulled down the old castle, and began to build, from the designs of Sir John Vanburgh, the sumptuous palace known in after years as Seaton Delaval Hall. But dying before the design was completed, he left the estate, and the unfinished hall, to his nephew, Francis Blake Delaval, the son of his brother Edward, of South Dissington, by marriage with a daughter of Sir Francis Blake, of Ford Castle. In this way the Delaval property was continued in the family, though the direct line had died out.

Admiral Sir Ralph Delaval,

A HERO OF LA HOGUE.

Reverting now to the main line of descent, we find, on the authority of Le Neve, though the late Mr. Hodgson Hinde was never quite satisfied on the point, that William, sixth son of the first Sir Ralph Delaval and Lady Jane Hilton, married a daughter of Sir Peter Riddell, Alderman and sometime Mayor of Newcastle. From that union came another Ralph Delaval, first cousin of the baronet who founded Seaton Sluice, and equally distinguished, though in quite another sphere of public life.

At an early age this Ralph Delaval entered the navy under the protection of the Duke of York. At the Revolution, when his patron, then King James II., fled the kingdom, he was captain of a man-of-war; as soon as King William obtained the throne he was knighted (May 31, 1690), and promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral of the Blue. In that station he served under Lord Torrington at the disastrous engagement off Beachy Head, June 30, 1690, and to him was assigned the presidency of the court-martial by which Lord Torrington was tried and acquitted. Shortly afterwards King William made him a Vice-Admiral of the Blue, and gave him command of a squadron by which, the following year, the enemy were prevented from relieving Limerick. In the spring of 1692, when it was known that the French were fitting out the greatest fleet they had ever sent to sea, enormous preparations were made to receive them. By the second week in May ninety sail of the line, manned by from thirty to forty thousand of the finest seamen which England and Holland could muster, assembled at St. Helen's under the command of Admiral Russell, with Sir Ralph Delaval, Sir Cloudesley Shovel, Sir John Ashby, and other picked officers under him. On the 17th of that month the whole fleet stood over to the French coast, and on the 19th encountered Tourville, the French admiral, in his magnificent vessel, the Royal Sun, with forty-three ships of the line supporting him. The battle began at eleven in the forenoon, and lasted till four in the afternoon. Sir Ralph Delaval commanded

the rear, and manœuvred his vessels so well that, although several French ships hovered round, they were unable to do him mischief. By sunset the enemy's fleet was scattered. Sixteen French men-of-war—half of them three-deckers—were sunk or burnt, and the English loss was one fireship only.

For some reason or other the advantage gained by this victory was not improved. During the autumn, Jean Bart, with his formidable Dunkirkers, prowled along the coasts, while other privateers roamed about the North Sea, capturing Newcastle colliers, and making prizes of London and Bristol merchantmen. All this time the victorious fleet lay idle at St. Helen's. A general feeling of insecurity seized the mercantile community; ships dared not put to sea without a strong convoy; the coal trade was paralysed; trade was brought to almost a standstill. When Parliament assembled, the administration of the navy formed the subject of angry debate, while throughout the country its administrators were the objects of vigorous denunciation. In February following, the king, to satisfy the contending factions, entrusted the command of the fleet to Sir Ralph Delaval and Henry Killegrew, who were reputed Tories, associating with them Sir Cloudesley Shovel, a Whig.

Immediately after their appointment the admirals made preparations for convoying an accumulated fleet of merchantmen from the Thames and the Texel to the Mediterranean and Levant. But the preparations occupied a long time. March passed away, April came and went, May had come to an end, and the convoy was not ready. It was June before the flotilla set sail. In the meanwhile Tourville had stolen out to sea, and while Delaval and his coadjutor supposed him to be quietly lying at Brest, he sailed down the Bay of Biscay and awaited the fleet in the Bay of Lagos. The admirals, fearing that in their absence he might cross the Channel and attempt a landing in England, proceeded only a couple of hundred miles beyond Ushant. There they left Vice-Admiral Rooke with twenty armed vessels to proceed to the Mediterranean, and made all haste back to England. Thus the merchantmen, nearly four hundred in number, with cargoes valued at several millions sterling, were left to the protection of twenty men-of-war. Tourville fell upon them in Lagos Bay and scattered them in all directions. Some escaped, some were captured, more were destroyed. The loss was terrible; the whole nation was thrown into a state of gloom and dejection. Delaval and Killegrew were lampooned, satirised, derided, and denounced. Immense crowds flocked to see a show at Bartholomew Fair in which they were represented as flying with their whole fleet before a few French privateers, and taking shelter under the guns of the Tower. A Dutch picture was issued wherein the victory of the French was repre-

sented at a distance, with Sir Cloudesley Shovel on board his own ship, his hands tied behind him, one end of the cord being held by Sir Ralph Delaval and the other by Killegrew, to insinuate that he would have prevented the misfortune if his colleagues had not hindered him. When Parliament met, a public inquiry into the disaster was demanded and granted, and a resolution was carried in the Commons by 140 votes to 103 that the miscarriage in Lagos Bay was due to "notorious and treacherous mismanagement." But when it came to a question of identifying the traitors, opinions were widely divided. Sir Ralph Delaval and his brother-admirals were twice called before the House and examined, and on the last occasion, December 6, 1693, a resolution, affirming that by not gaining such intelligence as they might have done of the Brest fleet before they left the squadron, they were guilty of a high breach of the trust that was put in them, to the great loss and dishonour of the nation, was lost by the narrow majority of ten. One result of these angry debates was Sir Ralph Delaval's retirement from the navy.

Freed from the responsibilities of active service, Sir Ralph endeavoured to be of use to his country in Parliament. At the general election in October, 1695, the electors of the little Wiltshire borough of Great Bedwin sent him to the Commons as one of their members. In that capacity he sat in judgment upon Sir John Fenwick, who, the following year, was attainted of high treason. It is not known upon which side he voted, though as his name had been mentioned by Sir John in an exculpatory paper presented to the king, and he could obtain no satisfactory answer respecting it from the prisoner at the bar of the House, it may be supposed that he went with the majority. To the next Parliament, which met in 1698, Sir Ralph did not return. He lived in retirement for the rest of his days. These came to an end in January, 1707, and on the 23rd of that month he was buried in Westminster Abbey.

John Hussey Delaval,

LORD DELAVAL OF SEATON DELAVAL.

Francis Blake Delaval, son of Edward Delaval, of South Dissington, by his marriage with Mary, daughter of Sir Francis Blake, was the heir to the property of his uncle, Admiral George. Under his uncle's patronage he entered the navy, and became a captain. While he was yet a young man, the expulsion of General Forster from the Commons, for participation in the rebellion of 1715, created a vacancy in the representation of Northumberland, and he was put forward to contest the seat. His opponent was John Douglas, an attorney, who, having made a fortune in Newcastle, had purchased Matfen, and was ambitious of a seat in Parliament. In

the Spearman MSS. it is stated that Douglas was candidate on the Tory side, that it was a hard contest, that the writer's grandfather, Philip Spearman, "carried it for Delaval, with sixteen votes from Preston," and that when Douglas petitioned against Delaval's return, alleging want of fortune, "the mansion, &c., at South Dissington, were valued to make up £600 a year," and enable him to retain his seat. The meaning of which is that there was a doubt as to Captain Delaval's qualification, for, although heir to his uncle, that eminent diplomatist was still living, and he had probably only his captain's pay to depend upon. The time came when he was among the best endowed of the Delaval race. On the death of his maternal grandfather, Sir Francis Blake, he obtained Ford Castle; at the decease of Sir John Delaval, he entered into possession of the Seaton property, including the unfinished hall of Admiral George; upon the death of his father, he became owner of South Dissington. Moreover, he had in right of his wife (Rhoda Apreeca, granddaughter of Sir Thomas Hussey), the fertile lands of Doddington in Lincolnshire. Parliamentary work not being much to his taste, he retired at the dissolution in 1772, devoted himself to the completion of Delaval Hall, and the supervision of his wide-spreading properties; and, with the exception of filling the office of High Sheriff in 1730, took no further part in the public life of the county. One day in December, 1752, he had the misfortune to fall from his horse at Seaton Delaval and break his leg, from the effects of which he died. Among the sons and daughters who survived him were Francis Blake Delaval, his heir—the "gay Lothario" whose dashing career has already been described in volume i. of this magazine; Rhoda, who married Edward (afterwards Sir Edward) Astley, of Melton Constable; Edward Hussey, M.A. and F.R.S.; Sarah, who became Countess of Mexborough; Thomas, engineer and merchant; Anne, married to the Hon. Sir William Stanhope, Knight of the Bath; and John Hussey, whose name, as Lord Delaval, forms the heading to this article.

John Hussey Delaval, second son of Captain Delaval, came into possession of the maternal estate of Doddington at his father's death, and, having married his cousin, Susanna, widow of John Potter, arranged terms with his elder brother, Sir Francis, for the acquisition of Ford Castle. Possessing the sanguine temperament and impetuous ardour of his race, and desirous of achieving distinction in Parliament, he began at an early age to woo the adjoining constituency of Berwick. When, therefore, in 1754, a dissolution occurred, the electors, reviving recollections of his grandfather's representation of the town, accepted him as a candidate. There had been no contest for some time in Berwick, and it was expected that the old member, Thomas Watson, and Mr. Delaval, would have a walk over. But to the surprise of the electors, a Londoner named John

Wilkes, a young man of twenty-seven, of whom nobody had heard (though the whole kingdom knew him soon after), was coming down to contest the seat, and that he was sending round by sea a number of Berwick electors, resident in London, to vote for him. Wilkes came, but his voyaging voters came not. Contrary winds detained them (giving rise to the oft-told legend that Wilkes shipped a batch of his opponents to Norway), and when they arrived, Delaval and Watson had been elected.

At the dissolution, in 1761, the occupant of Ford Castle did not seek re-election. The young king, George III., recognising his abilities and public spirit, created him a baronet, and with his honours fresh upon him he entered into the projects which had occasioned his retirement. These were the rebuilding of Ford Castle, then rapidly becoming uninhabitable, and the improvement of Seaton Sluice, which the improvidence of his elder brother had placed under his control. Both undertakings were completed about the same time. It fell to the lot of the first editor of the *Newcastle Chronicle* to record in his first issue (Saturday, March 24, 1764) the successful achievement of the last-named enterprise:—

The same day [Monday, March 19] the new harbour at Hartley pans was opened for the reception of ships; on which account a grand entertainment was given by Sir John Hussey Delaval to a great number of gentlemen, masters, &c. Three oxen and several sheep, with a large quantity strong beer, were given to the workmen, &c., on the same occasion.

These important undertakings accomplished, Sir John resumed his political career. His successor in the representation of Berwick died within a year of the re-opening of Seaton Sluice, and he was restored to his old seat for that borough. He was equally successful in retaining the confidence of the burgesses at the election of 1768, but at that of 1774, deserting Berwick to stand for the county, under the patronage of the Duke of Northumberland, he was defeated. At the next election, in 1780, his old constituents at Berwick, condoning his temporary desertion, accepted him without a contest. He was re-elected for the borough in 1784, as Baron Delaval, having been the year before created an Irish peer; and two years later his career in the Commons ended by his elevation to the English peerage. During his later occupancy of a seat in the Lower House, wavering, like other members, upon the great question of the India Bill, he came under the lash of the writers in the *Rolliad*. In that remarkable series of political eclogues he appears as—

The Noble Convert, Berwick's honour'd choice,
That faithful echo of the people's voice.
One day to gain an Irish title glad,
For Fox he voted—so the people bade;
'Mongst English Lords ambitious grown to sit,
Next day the people bade him vote for Pitt;
To join the stream, our Patriot, nothing loth,
By turns discreetly gave his voice for both.

In another part of the work, a whole poem is devoted to him, under the title of "The Delavaliad." Every

other line, and there are dozens of them, ends with his name. Thus:—

What friend to freedom's fair-built Hall
Was louder heard than Delaval?
Yet who the Commons' rights to maul
More stout was found than Delaval?
'Gainst Lords and Lordlings would'st thou brawl?
Just so did he—Sir Delaval:
Yet, on thy knees, to honours crawl
O! so did he—Lord Delaval.

For two-and-twenty years after his elevation, Lord Delaval enjoyed the honours pertaining to his rank and the diversions procurable by his wealth, at his magnificent home of Seaton Delaval, and the scarcely less palatial residence of Ford Castle. Of the life which he and his family lived at these places, their unbounded hospitality, and the luxurious feasts at which they entertained their friends, neighbours, and dependents, the annals of the period bear ample testimony. Here is an account of a tenantry dinner at Ford, for example, in October, 1787:—

Upwards of five hundred tenants and servants belonging to the right hon. Lord Delaval assembled at his lordship's seat at Ford Castle, where they were entertained with the utmost liberality; fifty of the most seasonable dishes were placed on each table; a large fat ox was prepared; and the liquor, which was plentifully supplied, was of the very best quality. One hundred and fifty gallons of rum, eighty gallons of brandy, one hundred and eighty bottles of wine, and several barrels of strong beer were drunk; one bowl of punch contained eighteen gallons of spirits, six stones of sugar, and forty lemons. The remaining victuals, which weighed upwards of eighty stones, were distributed to the poor inhabitants of the neighbourhood.

Throughout his career Lord Delaval was a man of business, holding enlightened views of commerce and giving practical effect to advanced ideas in agriculture. Under the direction of his brother Thomas he carried out the improvements at Seaton Sluice, extended his colliery operations at Seaton Delaval, and established at Hartley manufactories of glass and copperas. The country around Ford, which was one continued sheep walk, he divided, planted sheltering hedges, and clothed the bare hills with fine plantations.

By his wife, Lady Susanna, who died shortly after his elevation to the peerage, Lord Delaval had an only son and six daughters. The son, his father's hope, and two of the daughters, died young. The survivors grew up into beautiful and accomplished women, whose high spirit and frolicsome adventures gave to Seaton Delaval a fame that lingers around it even yet. Sarah, her father's favourite, married the Earl of Tyrconnel, and left an only daughter, who became the wife of the second Marquis of Waterford. Elizabeth was united to the 21st Baron Audley; Sophia Anne and Frances married commoners. In his old age, Lord Delaval took a second wife, and when he died, May 17th, 1803, at the lordly age of fourscore, he bequeathed to this lady a life interest in Ford Castle, with remainder to his granddaughter, the Marchioness of Waterford. The entailed estates passed to his brother, Edward Hussey Delaval, and from him to his nephew, Sir Jacob Henry Astley, whose son, Sir

Jacob, proved his title, in 1841, to the abeyant barony of Hastings.

Thomas Delaval,

MERCHANT, ENGINEER, AND POLITICIAN.

While Sir Francis Blake Delaval was spending the fortune which his ancestors had left him, and Sir John Hussey Delaval was making his way to a baronetcy and the peerage, two younger brothers—Edward and Thomas—were gaining honourable positions in wholly different directions. Edward became engrossed in science and philosophy; Thomas cultivated a passion for industrial and mechanical pursuits; both of them achieved distinction in their respective branches of study.

Thomas Delaval, who married a lady of fortune—Cecilia Watson, of London—began life as a merchant in Hamburg. In that famous town he was able to combine commercial speculation with the pursuits of his youth, and to interest himself in the progress of mechanics, navigation, and manufactures. When Sir John Hussey Delaval acquired from his elder brother Francis the control of the family property, Thomas returned from Germany to develop the natural resources of the Seaton estate. It was he who planned the new entrance to the harbour of Seaton Sluice, introduced the manufacture of glass, and constructed floors and crystalising cisterns for the extraction of copperas from the pyrites of the coal measures. In no long time after his return, visitors who participated in festivities at Seaton Delaval saw the little harbour of Seaton Sluice filled with ships, the fishing village of Hartley thronged by glass-workers and copperas-boilers, the Delaval pits working at full stretch, the whole estate surrounded by a thriving industrial community.

In the midst of all these commercial activities, Thomas Delaval had the misfortune to be drawn into politics. Under what inducements he entered that arena of rancour and bitterness Mr. Clephan has told us in an article which links Marat's "Chains of Slavery" to the political history of Tyneside. (See vol. i., p. 49.) Let it suffice here to state that the Hon. Constantine John Phipps and he were the candidates chosen by the "independent" burgesses to contest the representation of Newcastle against Sir Walter Blackett and Sir Matthew White Ridley. It was a hopeless struggle from the first. Mr. Phipps was a stranger; Mr. Delaval was untried, and, politically, unknown. The only man of influence on the "independent" side was the Rev. James Murray. His trenchant pen was employed for them in *The Freeman's Magazine*, a monthly publication which he issued between May and October, when the poll was taken. On the eve of the election he came out with a slashing pamphlet of forty pages, entitled "The Contest," bearing as its motto the proverb "Give the devil his due." But theirs was a party which, as was bitterly remarked by one of themselves in a later publica-

tion, "had not in it one lord, one baronet, one knight, one magistrate, one councillor, one placeman, and, the reader may be sure then, not one bishop, dean, priest, or deacon," When the poll was taken, Sir Walter Blackett stood at the top with 1,432 votes, and Mr. Delaval at the bottom with 677.

Once again Mr. Delaval, who is described as of Clapham, near London, was induced to try his fortune at a parliamentary contest in Newcastle. He allowed the by-election of 1777 (occasioned by the death of Sir Walter Blackett) to be fought out between Sir Walter's nephew, Sir John Trevelyan, and the adventurer, Stoney Bowes. But at the general election in 1780 he suffered himself to be nominated against Bowes and Sir Matthew White Ridley, and was again beaten. No more is heard of him in local affairs. It is supposed that he retired to his home at Clapham, where he would be able to share, for the rest of his life, the congenial society of his brother Edward. He died in 1787, aged 55 years.

Edward Hussey Delaval,

THE LAST OF THE DELAVAL RACE.

Sir Francis Blake Delaval died in 1771; Thomas Delaval, as we have just seen, passed away in 1787; after the death of the latter there remained but two of the four celebrated brothers Delaval—John Hussey the peer, and Edward Hussey the philosopher.

Edward Hussey Delaval was born in 1729, and from early youth devoted himself to a life of study and scientific experiment. He matriculated at Cambridge, where he took the degree of M.A., and became a fellow of Pembroke Hall. Distinguishing himself in chemistry and experimental philosophy, he was elected in 1759 a member of the Royal Society, to the transactions of which learned body he contributed, from time to time, the results of his researches and investigations. His first paper, read to the Society in 1764, described the effects of lightning upon St. Bride's Church, Fleet Street, London; his next, contributed the following year, and rewarded with the Society's gold medal, detailed the result of elaborate experiments which he had undertaken with the object of proving the applicability of Newton's optical theories to permanently coloured bodies, and demonstrating the agreement between specific gravities of metals and their colours when united to glass. About this time he was associated with Benjamin Franklin in the study of electrical phenomena, and as members of a committee appointed by the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's to report upon the best means of preserving the Cathedral from lightning. In 1775, in conjunction with Benjamin Wilson, painter and electrician, he conducted a series of experiments upon phosphorus, and the colours produced by it in the dark. Developing still further his theories regarding colour, he published in 1777 a quarto volume,

which ran into a second edition, upon the cause of the changes in opaque and coloured bodies. Later on he wrote a treatise upon another branch of the inquiry—the cause of permanent colours in opaque objects, which, being read to the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society, procured for him the honour of that society's gold medal. Among his lesser undertakings were the construction of a set of musical glasses, till then unknown in England, the extraction of fluor from glass, the making of artificial gems, and the manufacture of artificial stone.

Mr. Delaval did not participate to any great extent in the gaieties of his brothers at Seaton Delaval. He made the Metropolis his home, and his friendships and connections were among men of a different order. His "neat Gothic house in Parliament Place" was a resort of the leading scientists of the day. The poets Mason and Gray were his familiar friends; nor were other literary companions wanting, for he was a sound classical scholar, conversant with several modern tongues, and an accurate judge of music and art. Abroad his experiments and discoveries were highly appreciated. Several of his productions were translated into French and Italian; he corresponded with some of the chief investigators and students of philosophy on the Continent; he received the unsolicited honour of election as a member of the Royal Societies of Gottingen and Upsala, and the Institute of Bologna.

Upon the death of his brother, the peer, the entailed estates of the family came into Mr. Delaval's possession. Being then seventy-nine years of age, and having passed his life among totally different surroundings, he was unwilling to exchange his home and its treasures for the magnificent abode of his predecessors. He maintained the reputation of the family for charity to the poor and benevolence to local institutions, subscribed forty pounds to the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries, and accepted the position of an honorary member, but, although his tenure of the property lasted six years, to Northumberland he came nevermore. He was the last of his race, and when he died, on the 14th of August, 1814, aged 85, the great local family whose name he bore practically ceased to exist. In a few years after his death, little remained but the record of their lives and characters to attest their former magnificence. Their estates passed into the hands of others—relatives, but strangers; the harbour of Seaton Sluice went to decay; the industries of Hartley died out; and a devastating fire brought ruin to

"The hall
Of lofty Seaton Delaval."

The Bowes Museum at Barnard Castle.



R. E. Y. WESTERN, the sole acting executor under the will of the late Mr. John Bowes, of Streatlam Castle, thus explains the origin of the Bowes Museum at Barnard Castle :—

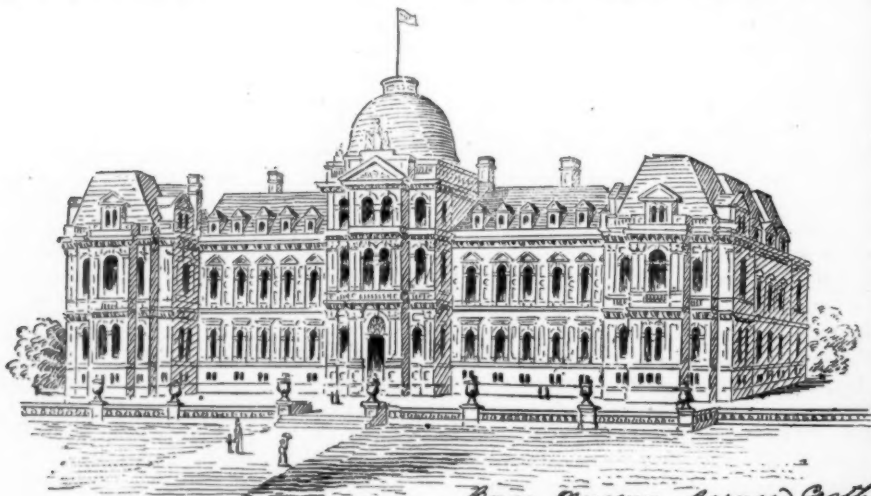
The late Mr. Bowes and his first wife, the Countess of Montalbo, when they formed the idea of founding a museum, did not originally propose to locate it at Barnard Castle. Their first idea was to place it at Calais, within the Countess of Montalbo's own country, and yet looking towards England, Mr. Bowes's country. They abandoned this idea from a consideration of the permanently unsettled state of politics in France. They thought there was less chance of revolutions occurring in England than in France, in which the works of art might be injured.

About the year 1865, proceeds Mr. Western, they began to buy land for this purpose. But they were several years maturing their plans, and it was not until about 1872 that the building of the museum really commenced. Mr. Jos. Kyle was the builder, and Monsieur Jules Fellichet, of Paris, and the late Mr. J. E. Watson, of Newcastle, were joint architects. So long as the prosperity of the coal trade lasted the building proceeded apace. When the prosperity had departed, the rate of progress of the building slackened, and, about 1882, ceased altogether.

The Countess of Montalbo died on February 9, 1874. Her will and the codicil to it are the documents which founded the museum and gave this princely gift to the inhabitants of Barnard Castle and the world. What she and her husband spent upon it can never be known, as imperfect records only exist of the details of their purchases of the works of art which are now in the museum. On the purchase of land and on the building of the museum and laying out of the park they spent from first to last something over £100,000.

Mr. Bowes died on Oct. 9, 1885. He left his affairs, unfortunately, in a state of considerable complication. By his will he bequeathed legacies to the amount of £135,000 to the museum. But of course debts had to be paid before the legacies, and Mr Bowes himself had bequeathed a large number of other legacies which he directed to be paid before the legacies to the museum. Immediately after Mr. Bowes's death, the surviving trustees of the Bowes Museum met to consider the situation. They found themselves in possession of an incomplete building, with contents of an enormous value, but without any funds.

The Countess had bequeathed the land and a large quantity of works of art, but she left no money. Mr. Bowes had spent money on the place, and had presented to it works of art, but he had not in his lifetime transferred to it any money. What the trustees did was, first, to dismiss several of the employees and generally to reduce the expense of maintenance as low as possible, consistently with the protection and preservation of the property. Secondly, the trustees resolved to temporise until it should be seen how Mr. Bowes's estate was likely to turn out. The funds necessary for this interim maintenance the trustees provided partly by advancing it out of their own resources and partly by borrowing on their personal responsibility from bankers. The Countess of Montalbo had not foreseen or provided by her will for the position of affairs which had occurred. The trustees, therefore, in May, 1887, applied to the Charity Commissioners for help under the statutory powers. The case put forward by the trustees to the Commissioners was, in substance, this :—That the museum ought to be kept together, and ought not to be broken up so long as a prospect remained of receiving the legacies under Mr. Bowes's will ; that this could not be done without money ; and that the obvious and only feasible plan for providing the



Bowes Museum, Barnard Castle

money needed for this interim maintenance of the museum was to borrow on mortgage of the land and buildings. The Commissioners ultimately assented to this view, and granted to the trustees the scheme dated 8th of November, 1889.

The museum to this hour remains in an incomplete state, with an income of no more than £50 a-year to keep it from falling into decay.

The building is erected in the style of the French Renaissance, the design being copied from the Palace of the Tuilleries, which was destroyed by the Paris Communists. The south, or principal front, is 300 feet in length; the east and west wings are each 130 feet in length. The basement and top floors are set apart for residential purposes. In the rooms on the first floor are collections of pottery, porcelain, glass, carved ivory, crystals, &c. On the second floor, the rooms in the west wing form the library. The picture gallery consists of a suite of magnificent rooms, the entire length being two hundred and four feet, and the width fifty-four feet. In these rooms are about a thousand religious, allegorical, and other pictures by foreign artists, including specimens by Murillo, Fra Angelico, Baron Gros, &c., besides works by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Hogarth, and modern painters.

Although the museum has not yet been opened to the public, the trustees have arranged that small parties of not more than six persons may be admitted on three days in each week, viz., Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, upon production of an order which must have been previously obtained from the curator, Mr. Owen Stanley Scott.

New Church Schools, Newcastle.

THE accompanying illustration represents the new premises of the Newcastle branch of the Church Schools Company (Limited), which were opened by Miss Gladstone, daughter of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, on Saturday, May 3. The new schools, which have been erected in Tankerville Terrace, Jesmond, are arranged to accommodate some 300 girls. Executed in red bricks, with deep red brick mouldings and slated roofs, the new building in design and general grouping presents a pleasing and picturesque appearance. The schools were designed by Messrs. Oliver and Leeson, architects, of Newcastle, under whose superintendence they have been built.

The Household Books of Naworth Castle.

By the late James Clephan.

TO the long and lengthening roll of the publications of the Surtees Society, which worthily keeps alive the memory of the historian of the county palatine of Durham, there was added in 1879, "Selections from the Household Books of the Lord William Howard of Naworth Castle; with an Appendix, containing some of his Papers and



Letters, and other Documents illustrative of his Life and Times." It throws a flood of light on English history. If it takes something away from treasured traditions, it makes ample amends for the loss; and venerable myths may willingly be let die, when the void is so well supplied by charming pictures of actual life and manners. In place of the legendary Belted Will, we have the historic Baron of Gileland. "Tradition," observes the Rev. George Ornsby (who ably edits the volume), "presents him to our view in a picturesque and romantic aspect, and additional vitality has been given to them by the graphic portrait which Sir Walter Scott has drawn, in his 'Lay of the Last Minstrel' (1805), of the outward garb and the gallant bearing of the Lord William Howard as Lord Warden of the Marches, though for purposes of his story the poet antedated his existence, and assigned to him an office which in reality he never filled."

The Household Books, beginning in 1612, and extending (with some breaks) to 1640, show with what liberal thrift the days of Lord William Howard and his dame flowed past. Kindly were my lord and lady, simple their sway, careful the housewifery of the gentle mistress of Naworth, and generous the welcome of her guests. Pray you, good reader, turn over the leaves so serviceably annotated for your instruction by Mr. Ornsby, and frame for yourself a gallery of pictures of family life in the reigns of King James and his son Charles.

Naworth resorted largely to Newcastle for commodities of all kinds. To fair and market, to shop and warehouse, came the purchasers from the castle. At Lammas fair "lawne for my Lady" was got; and at St. Luke's, "new English hoppers." In 1624, "My charges and Tho. Hesket's and 2 others at Newcastle, x. Maij, going to buy my Lady's gown, etc., et spices, xxvij.s." In 1625, considerable quantities of wine were furnished by Leonard Carr, as to whom Bourne's History of Newcastle is quoted in a foot-note. A merchant and an alderman, Carr did not forget the poor in his prosperity and promotion, and in death left them £5 yearly charged upon houses in the Butcher Bank, where he lived. "He was, an alderman of the town before the Rebellion, and turned out by the rebels." In the Calendar of State Papers he occurs in connection with an inquiry of 1640 (the year of the rout of Newburn and occupation of Newcastle by the Scots). Certain visitors to the Tyne, lodging at Leonard Carr's inn, the Nag's Head (where Printing Court Buildings now stand), fell under the suspicion of the authorities, who feared they meant mischief to the party in power.

"Pottles of ynck" were obtained from Newcastle, with more bulky wares. To Newburn, "a sort of inland port for vessels of small burthen," the "heavier goods appear to have frequently been sent by water, and thence by land carriage to Naworth." Thus—"Botehire of trees to Newburne, and postage, ij.s." "Carriage of ij. cart loades of fish from Newburne, xxi.s."

From the east coast came large quantities of fish. "Cockells" and "wilkes" were consumed. "A porpo and a seale" figure at a charge of 6s. 4d. "Sea pads" (star fish) did not come wrong. Among birds were "sea larkes" (the ring dotterel or ring plover), "herons, hawes," "throssells," "ring doves," "black birds," cormorants, &c., &c. "2 curlues and 12 sea-larkes" are entered as costing 2s. 4d.

The "Tho. Hesket" mentioned above, was he not the same who occurs in 1621? "June 10, to Mr. Hesket, for mending my Lord's closett, gilding a bedstead, drawing Mrs. Elizabeth and Mrs. Marye's pictures, and Mr. Thomas's, x.l." With gifts so varied, he must have been a valuable member of the Border household.

Our forefathers were greatly dependent on salted food. Stores of salt fish were laid in, and much salt was bought. In ten months of 1629, 76 pecks of salt, and two bushels, with also "salt for Corbye," appear in the accounts. The total sum, for salt and fish, was £66 5s. 4d.

The writer—and some of his older readers born before friction lucifers—acquired in their youth the art and mystery of making and using tinder. The tinder-box was various in form and material. There was the circular box of metal, with its lid or damper. On the lid slumbered through the day the flint and steel, ready for their work at night and morning. There was also the oblong box of wood, with at one end the receptacle for tinder, and at the other a place for the flint, steel, brimstone matches, &c. To make good tinder and strike a quick spark, required the skill of an expert; and on a cold winter's morning much time was often lost before a light was won. The tinder-box—where, is it now? "Snuffers" may still be seen, if almost obsolete; but which of us has, for many a year, looked upon a tinder-box? At Naworth Castle they were familiar things—necessaries of life, and in daily use. "2 tynder boxis and 4 dooters, xxij.s."

We see by the Household Books the inmates of the Castle in their very habits as they lived, from top to toe. Their stockings were of various kinds. There were "white kersey stockings for Mr. Thomas." My Lady had stockings made of "Devonshire kersey." "A yard of fustian" (a finer sort of fabric than now goes by the name) was bought for my Lord's; and an item occurs for the "scouring" of it. His lordship and others had also stockings of silk and of worsted. There was "cloth for W. Smith's stockings." My Lady had stockings "dye'd," and my Lord's were "soled." "Dankester stockins" were worn at Naworth; for Doncaster was then, and for generations afterwards, famous for hose.

"A pair of cardes, iiij.d.," occurs in the accounts. Were these playing cards? What we now call a "pack," was commonly enough called a "pair" in former days, when a "pair of drawers" and a "pair of stairs" were phrases in frequent use, and St. John's Church in Newcastle had "a pair of organs." Card-playing was a com-

mon pastime in the leisure hours enjoyed at Naworth by the active lady of the household; with also "tabells," by which we must understand, as Mr. Ornsby remarks, draughts and backgammon. Embroidering diversified the family pursuits. The children had their football; and saw and heard, in common with their seniors, the travelling dancers and actors, the jugglers, the pipers and fiddlers. Welcome were the wandering musicians from far and near. If fish came from Hartlepool, fiddlers came from places still more remote. There were waits from Ripon and Doncaster, Penrith and Richmond, Carlisle and Darneton. Sir Henry Curwen's waits made their way to Naworth. A cornetter, and "a piper that came out of Lankashire," had each 2s. The "musician sent from Mrs. Taylor" got a pound. Mrs. Mary had half-a-crown "to give unto 2 fiddlers." Nor was music the only commodity brought to the gates of Naworth Castle for a market. Utilities of sundry kinds came in the pedlar's pack; and Lady Howard inspected his wares, and made her purchases. "Pins bought at the gate, xij.d." "Bobbing lace bought at the gate, ij.s." "For ribben bought at the gate for my Lady and Mrs. Mary, iij.s. vj.d."

1629. December 5, "For carrijnge a cradle for Mr. Thos. Howard's wife, and trenchers, to Corbye from Morpeth, v.s."—"For bringing a horse-load of trenchers from Morpeth, v.s." The "trencher" (whence the old adage, "a good trencherman") kept the cunning workmen employed in the good old times—times in which the platter might fall on the floor and be picked up unbroken. "Baldon Buke" gives us a glimpse of the manufacture of the wooden plates of our forefathers in the twelfth century. In Wolsingham there were three turners, holding seventeen acres of land, "and they render three thousand one hundred trenchers, and make four precatons (boon days of the tenant to his lord), and assist in mowing the meadows and making the hay." The scythe, the hayfork, and the lathe were equally at home in their hands; and, doubtless, with full trenchers of their own turning before them, they could valiantly empty their handiwork.

Mithridate was in great favour among our forefathers. For "an ounce of mithridate at Penrith" 2s. was paid on the 18th of October, 1612. It could cure more diseases than the doctor of the sword dancers. Mr. Ornsby quotes William Turner, Doctor of Physic, who flourished in the seventeenth century, and from whom we learn the universal virtues of mithridate. Nothing came wrong to it, from "the stopping of the liver," to "gathering together of melancholy," and "dulness of the eyesight." "All deadly poison" found in it an antidote. Its merits were so proverbial that a letter-writer of the period, alluding to some event which had happened to him, describes it as "medritate to his hart." There is a tradition that the royal inventor of the drug, wishing in advanced age to poison himself, discovered that he was so saturated with his own safeguard that he could not succeed!

"Travelling," as Mr. Ornsby observes, "was a tedious and costly affair in those days. The expenses of my Lord's journeys to London will be found duly entered. The route was by way of Bowes. The road over Stanemoor was doubtless rugged enough, but it was passable for wheeled carriages. On one occasion, Sir Francis Howard, 'beinge sick,' hired a coach for his journey from London to Bowes, which cost £18. At the latter place, my Lord's coach met him, and brought him home. It seems to have been a usual thing to send the coach some distance to meet members of the family who were on their way to Naworth. It was sent (in the summer of 1633) as far as Ferrybridge, to meet Mr. Thomas Bedingfield (grandson of Lord William) and his wife; and several years previously, an entry tells us that it went as far as Appleby to meet Mrs. Howard. Lord William's journeys to London were always taken on horseback, and he was generally ten or eleven days on the road; the travelling expenses varying according to the number of his retinue and the direction of the route taken. A journey by way of Shiffnal and Lydney occupied eleven days, and cost £30 17s. 1d.; whilst the expenses of another, from Thornthwaite to London, with twenty-four men and twelve horses in his train, came to £20 15s. 4d. Other entries give lesser amounts. The mention of a coach occurs in the earliest of the Household Books; and it appears to have been always in use, though evidently at times under difficulties, as when we find an item for 'hewing a way for the coach beyond Gelt Bridge.' A coach and four horses, bought in 1624, cost £30. When my Lady went to pay formal visits to Rose Castle, or some other great mansion, she doubtless went in her coach in all due state; but on other occasions it is more than probable that she preferred the less dignified (but also less jolting) mode of locomotion called double-horse. The mention of her 'double gelding,' and of the 'mending of my Lady's pileon cloth,' shows that it was a way of moving about which was frequently adopted."

"To Ch. Elliot," May 8, 1613, "for watching the orchard for deare." Items of this kind besprinkle the accounts, pointing to a difficulty in the olden time which has not descended to the present day. Where there was space and shelter for deer, and large herds roamed over the open country, neighbouring inhabitants suffered from their depredations. The editor quotes from the manuscripts of the Yorkshire antiquary, Abraham de la Pryme (born in 1671), an account derived from informants who remembered Hatfield Chase in all its wildness, of the watch and ward that was needed before Vermuyden brought it into cultivation. At certain times of the year, the deer "were commonly so unruly that they almost ruined the country; for great numbers of people were constantly set, night and day, to tent the fields and closes of corn at different posts one from another, with horns in their hands to sound when they perceived any, and cur dogs to

fright them away, or else, if they had not done this, their whole crop would have been immediately destroyed and trodden down and spoiled by the vast numbers of these creatures that were always ready to break in if they were not prevented; and it was a common thing every year to hear that the deer had destroyed one body's crop or other, and sometimes many people's at one time, so that there was not a few of the inhabitants of their town (Hatfield) especially, and some others, that refrain from sowing their grounds and closes, for no other reason than the great trouble they were put to in keeping them, if they could, from the ingress of the deer."

The sleuth hound was in use on the Borders for tracking fugitives. Lord William Howard was paying 3s. "for a slue-dog" in the reign of James the First; and in the time of Elizabeth (1593), the town-purse of Newcastle disbursed 5s. "for a sloo-hound and a man who led him." Chester-le-Street and Denton had in those days blood-hounds for hire; and there, probably, they were bred for the catching of men.

An item occurs, April 27, 1629, "To the collectors within the parish of St. Clement's, for assessment for making stocks, sockhouses, cuckinge stools, and other things, for correction of rouges and malefactors, x.s." In 1467, when the Mayor of Leicester was commanding, in the King's behalf, that no butcher should kill a bull, on pain of forfeiture, unless it first were baited, he was also ordaining that all manner of scolds were to be punished on a cuckstool before their doors, and carried forth to the four gates of the town. This ancient implement of correction, which assumed many forms and was applied in divers modes, existed in the land prior to the Conquest—an evidence of the state of civilization to which England had attained without Norman assistance! The parish of St. Mary's, Gateshead, was fined 6s. 8d. in 1627 for having no ducking-stool; and one was provided in 1628 at a cost of 12s.

The plague, which prevailed when James the First came to the English Crown, was still wasting the nation when he was gone. October 5, 1625, at Naworth, there was "given to my Lady for the poor at Sir Francis' Ladye's funerall, iij.l." Lady Francis Howard had died of the plague on the 7th of September. On the 10th, Henry Lord Clifford wrote to Secretary Conway from Appleby Castle:—"The plague is gotten into my Lord William Howarde's house, and the first that died of it was Sir Francis Howarde's lady, who tooke the infection from a new gowne she had from London, soe as she dyed the same day she tooke it, whereupon they are all dispersed most miserably, with the greatest terror in the worlde, since they had all bene with the lady, and all in danger by that meanes. God knowes it is a most lamentable accident, and worthy of the tenderest pytty, to have all his children and grandchildren in this aparant danger, and the lady of Sir William Howarde, the hope of his house (beeinge his beyer), greate with childe." In May, 1629,

we have Lord William caring for poor plague-stricken people in London:—"To a house in Blumberrie, neare Houlborne, infected with the plague, xx.s." "For London treacle and figgs for a house in Blumberrie which is infected with the plague, vij.s. iij.d." Smitten households, sealed up in their homes, and shut off from the world without, would have the strongest claims on the sympathies of the wealthy and benevolent.

Frequent are the entries of expenditure over measure of time. Not only had William Howard clocks and watches and sun-dials, but himself constructed the shadow clock. Some shillings were laid out in 1629 for a treatise on dialling; and one or two of the most ancient of chronometers were in the course of the year quarried out of his lordship's land:—"To William Ridley, for one day at the quarry making a stone for a diall, xij.d." "To William Ridley for iij. dayes at the diall and one at the pond, iij.s." "For ij. gnomons for 2 dialls, v.s."

Gifts have always been current among mankind; and the rarer the more acceptable. When sugar-loaves were not easy to be had, the ancient Corporation of Newcastle presented them, with measures of wine, to distinguished strangers. In 1633, "my Ladie Lamplough's manne" brought "2 sugar loafes" to Naworth, and had five shillings as a gratuity. The offering was of frequent occurrence in former times. "In Burnett's Life of Sir Matthew Hale," as Mr. Ornsby reminds us, "there is mention made of the Dean and Chapter of Salisbury having, according to the custom, presented the judge with six sugar loaves on his arrival at that city in the course of his circuit."

In the month of May, 1623, Lord William Howard made an excursion to the Continent, the cost of which is given in detail:—

From London to Callis, and fees, and a bark to Callis.....	£10 4 6
For fees at landing at Callis, and on[e] night's charges	4 12 8
Rewards and extreordenaries in the jurnie from Spawe from Callis.....	16 7 0
Chargeis from Callis to Spawe in June.....	23 9 6
For 2 carrebins at Leds [Liege].....	2 4 6
Dyett at Spawe for 40 days.....	29 5 6
For chambers, lining [linen], and firinge.....	6 6 6
Rewards, nessesareis and extreordenans.....	24 3 2
Stable and hors chargeis	10 0 11
Chargeis from Spawe to Dunkirke.....	19 7 0
At Dunkirke six neights, dyett and stable.....	9 13 4
Rewards and nessesaries and extreordinareis by the way in travell from Spawe.....	11 2 2
For wyne in tune [tun], and bedding and vittals to the shipe	27 7 3
Chargeis, and shiping and ship hire, from Spawe to Newcastle and to Naward.....	13 1 5

Casting up these items, they make a total of £212 9s. 11d. as the cost of a nobleman's trip to Spa, in the reign of King James, with his companions and attendants.

In the summer of 1624, a shilling had been expended on "slings and a horne book." There were "horn books" for the children, and "wax books" for the seniors. The Romans, who flourished centuries before the rise of the British Constitution, had their "tablets";

and they lingered in English use beyond the days of Gunpowder Plot. A leaf of the Roman note book resembled the modern slate of the schoolboy, with its raised frame. The hollow was filled with wax, levelled over, and characters were traced on the surface with a pointed implement—a pencil or style. The leaves, thus written upon, could be preserved, if required, and kept together as a book. Such conveniences for notes or memoranda were in vogue on the Borders when King James came into England; and the scholarly peer of Naworth Castle had one at his elbow for daily service:—"For a waxe book for my Lord, vij.d." Another, of a superior sort, with probably a greater number of leaves, appears in the accounts at a charge of half-a-crown.

Lord William Howard lived down to a period in which men's minds were sorely exercised by public events. A war of opinion was on foot. The Monarchy was in peril. The Royalists had been routed at Newburn-on-the-Tyne only some few weeks prior to his lordship's death. This encounter occurred on the 28th of August, 1640. On the 30th, there was paid 5s. "to James Drydon, bringinge intelligence of the Scotts armie." Who could tell how severely the Covenanting invasion might affect the Lord of Gilsland? He and his household must have been filled with anxiety, and impressed with the necessity of preparation. On the day when Dryden brought his news, "John Little" was "bringing cloth, fustian, and other necessities for sutes for my Lord's 4 light horsemenne, bought by Sir Francis Howarde at Penreth." September 1, "to Thomas Cragg (the gardener) for his charges going to Newcastle to viewe the Scotts armie, x.s." September 8, "to a manne bringing letters from Morpeth, iij.s." September 18, "to Andrew Pott for bringing intelligence from Morpeth of the Scotts, x.s." The strong man's powers were now failing. September 22, removing to Corby, he must have the easy motion of a litter. "Tho. Baitie, for waiting up on the litter, 5 days," had 4s. on the 26th of September. On the 23rd, his lordship passed on to Greystoke. He was now far advanced in the 77th year of his age; his hours were numbered; at Greystoke he died on the 7th of October; and within two or three lines of the entry relating to Andrew Pott, we come to his master's burial.

A Roman Traveller in the North Country.

POPE PIUS II. (*Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini*) was born in 1405 at Consignano, Italy. Even his childhood was eventful. His later life was full of startling incidents. At the age of thirty we find him the private secretary of the Bishop of Santa Croce, a trusted servant, whom his master can safely employ in any secret service. He is sent to the

court of Scotland, his mission being to reinstate a certain prelate in the favour of the Scottish king.

Æneas proceeded first to Calais. There he fell into the hands of the English, who, suspicious of the object of his journey, would neither permit him to cross the Channel nor to return homeward. Fortunately, at this juncture, the Cardinal of Winchester arrived on the scene, and, by his intercession, *Æneas* obtained permission to embark. Arrived in the English capital, he found it impossible to procure letters of safe conduct. He saw, however, the sights of London, including the splendid tombs of the kings in Westminster Abbey and the old house-fringed London Bridge, itself, he says, "like a city." He visited a village where men were said to be born with tails! Canterbury, and the tomb of St. Thomas à Becket, covered with such costly offerings as lay on no other shrine in Europe, kindled his admiration.

Disappointed in his intention to travel from London by land to Scotland, *Æneas* took ship for Flanders. From Bruges he proceeded to Sluys, where he once more embarked. The voyage was most tempestuous. The ship was first driven towards the coast of Norway, and encountered two terrible storms, one of which continued fourteen hours, and the other two nights and a day. The vessel was carried so far north that the mariners did not recognise the stars. On the twelfth day the wind fortunately changed, and *Æneas* landed on the coast of Scotland. In gratitude for his safe deliverance from the perils of the ocean, he, so soon as he had set foot on dry land, set out barefoot on a pilgrimage to the famed shrine of St. Mary at Whitekirk, in East Lothian. It was mid-winter; the ground was covered with ice, and the distance to be traversed no less than ten miles. *Æneas* offered his devotions; but when he rose from his knees, he was so benumbed with cold that he could scarcely move. He was half carried, half led from the place. The pilgrimage, he ever afterwards believed, was the cause of pains which at times racked his joints to the very end of his life.

On his way to Edinburgh he saw, for the first time in his life, that marvellous substance known as coal. To him it was miraculous, and he speaks with amazement of seeing the poor, half naked beggars at the doors of the churches receiving with undisguised joy what seemed to him to be only pieces of black stone. "This kind of stone," he says, "impregnated with matter which is either surphurous or fatty, they burn in place of wood, of which that district is destitute." The Scottish king received our ambassador with every mark of favour, and the request he came to prefer was granted. James generously paid his expenses, and gave him fifty nobles and two palfreys for his homeward journey, besides a costly pearl which *Æneas* sent to his mother.

Our traveller informs us that Scotland is an island, two hundred miles in length and fifty in breadth, and divided from England by two narrow rivers and a range of lofty

hills. It is, he says, a cold, bleak, wild country, producing little corn, almost without wood, but yielding a sulphurous stone which is dug out of the ground for fuel. The cities had no walls. The houses were usually built without mortar. In the towns they were roofed with turf, and in the country an ox-hide served for a door. The common people were poor and rude. They had abundance of flesh and fish, but wheaten bread was only occasionally eaten as a delicacy. The men, he says, are small in stature, but bold; the women of fair complexion, good looking, and affectionate, kissing in Scotland being considered of less account than shaking hands in Italy. There was no wine but what was imported. The horses, diminutive ambling nags, were uncurried, uncombed, and unbridled. The Scottish oysters were larger than the English ones. The exports of the country were hides, wool, salted fish, and pearls, all of which were sent to Flanders. The one thing that most thoroughly delighted the Scots was to hear the English abused. Scotland might, thought Æneas, be described as two countries, the one cultivated, the other wild, where corn was not grown, where the people spoke another language and sometimes lived on the bark of trees. In mid-winter, the time when Æneas was in Scotland, the days were only four hours long. He was told of a tree, which grew by river banks, whereof the fruit resembled geese. If the fruit fell on land, it rotted away; if it fell into the water, it at once acquired life and feathers and wings, and swam as if upon its native element and even flew through the air. The traveller naturally wished to see this marvellous tree, but was told it no longer grew in Scotland, and could only be found in the Orkney Isles.

When the time came for Æneas to return, he was not willing again to brave the dangers of the North Sea. He would, at all hazards, travel by land. The risk of a journey through England was great, but he would take any chance rather than again trust himself to the mercy of Neptune. His decision, if not wise, was fortunate. The ship in which he was to have embarked foundered at the mouth of the haven. The captain, who was returning to Flanders to be married, and all the passengers and crew, were drowned within sight of shore.

Æneas left Scotland disguised as a merchant. He passed over the stream which divides the two countries in a boat. The name of the stream he does not mention, but says it descended from a high mountain. It can scarcely have been other than the Tweed. As the sun went down, he came to a large village, and entered a peasant's house, where he took his supper in company with the priest of the place and his host. Abundance of broth and fowls and geese was set before him, but there was neither wine nor bread. All the villagers, both women and men, crowded to see him, staring at him with amazement, just as the Italians would stare at an Ethiopian or an Indian. "Who is he? Where does he come from? Is he a Christian?" they asked the priest. Æneas, know-

ing the nature of the country through which he had to travel, had provided himself, from the stores of a certain monastery, with bread and red wine. These things were no sooner placed on the table than they excited the amazement of the rustics, who had never seen wine or white bread before. The women and their husbands came nearer to the table, handled the bread, smelled the wine, and begged for some of both. Æneas found it necessary to give away all he had. The supper continued till the second hour of the night, when the priest and the host, with his sons and all the men, left Æneas, saying they must betake themselves to a certain tower a considerable distance away, for fear of the Scots, who were accustomed, when the tide went down in the night, to come over the river and plunder. The traveller made urgent but fruitless requests to be allowed to accompany them. Neither did they take with them any of their women, although many of them were young girls and blooming matrons, for, they thought, their enemies would do them no harm. They regarded female virtue as a thing of no moment. Æneas, therefore, remained with two servants and a guide amongst a hundred women, who formed themselves into a circle round the fire, and spent the night in carding hemp, and talking with his interpreter. But after a great part of the night had passed, there was a loud noise of dogs barking and geese cackling. The women ran off in various directions, and the guide followed them. There was as great a tumult as if the enemy had really come. Æneas determined to lie still in his chamber—which was a stable—and await the event, lest, if he took flight in a region of which he knew nothing, he should only run into danger, and be robbed by the first man he met. Before long the women with the interpreter returned, declaring that there was nothing to fear, for that friends, and not enemies, had arrived.

With daybreak the traveller resumed his journey, and in due time reached Newcastle, "which," says he, "they say is the work of Cæsar." Such a tradition, one would think, could only have originated in the presence of very considerable visible evidences of the Roman occupation of Newcastle. So completely, in our century, have such evidences disappeared that it is doubly interesting to find reason to believe that in the fifteenth century, or not long before it, some unmistakable remains had suggested to the local mind the name of Cæsar. Arrived at Newcastle, it seemed to Æneas that he had returned to the habitable face of the earth—quite a compliment to the Novocastrians of that day—"for," he says, "the land of Scotland, and the part of England near Scotland, has nothing even resembling our country"—his own native Italy, that is. "Horrible, wild, and in winter inaccessible to the influences of the sun," are the epithets Æneas bestows upon our Borderland.

At Durham the traveller visited the tomb of the Venerable Bede. At York, he was struck with the

magnificence of the minster. On his way southward he fell into the company of an English judge, who was returning to London, with him he travelled to the great capital. Thence he proceeded to Dover, crossed to Calais, and at length rejoined his master at Basle, having faithfully and successfully, if adventurously, fulfilled his mission.

Twenty-two years after his visit to England, Æneas was raised to the chair of St. Peter, as Pius the Second. He was pope only for six years. He died in 1464. The morality of his early life is open to the greatest censure; but it is gratifying to learn that in his later years he deeply regretted the errors of his youth. On his sins and weaknesses we will not dwell. Let us rather remember his virtues. Throughout his life he was a zealous advocate of education and learning, and was a warm friend of the poor. Unlike many of his predecessors and successors, he cared nothing for money, and was never guilty of simony. After he became pope, he endeavoured to maintain a policy of peace amongst the governments of Europe. As a man of letters, too, he deserved to be remembered. His many writings, all in Latin, are characterized by ease and gracefulness of style. I believe he was the only traveller through Northumberland who ever wore the triple crown, and certainly no writer of ancient or modern times who has visited the Borderland has left a more picturesque account of his experiences.

J. R. BOYLE, F.S.A.

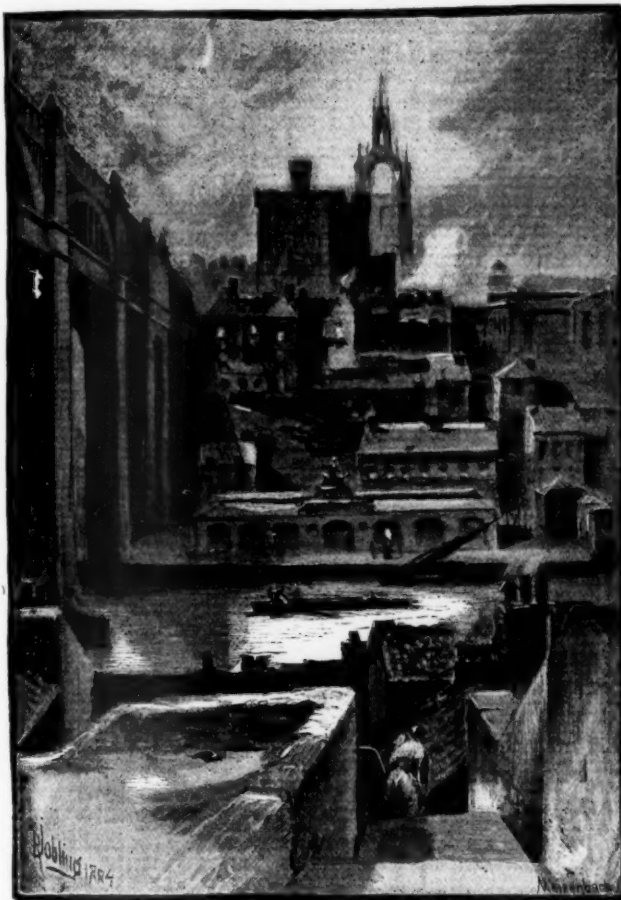
Newcastle and its Bridges.



NEWCASTLE is celebrated for its two bridges—the High Level Bridge and the Swing Bridge. Both are enduring monuments of North-Country genius and skill.

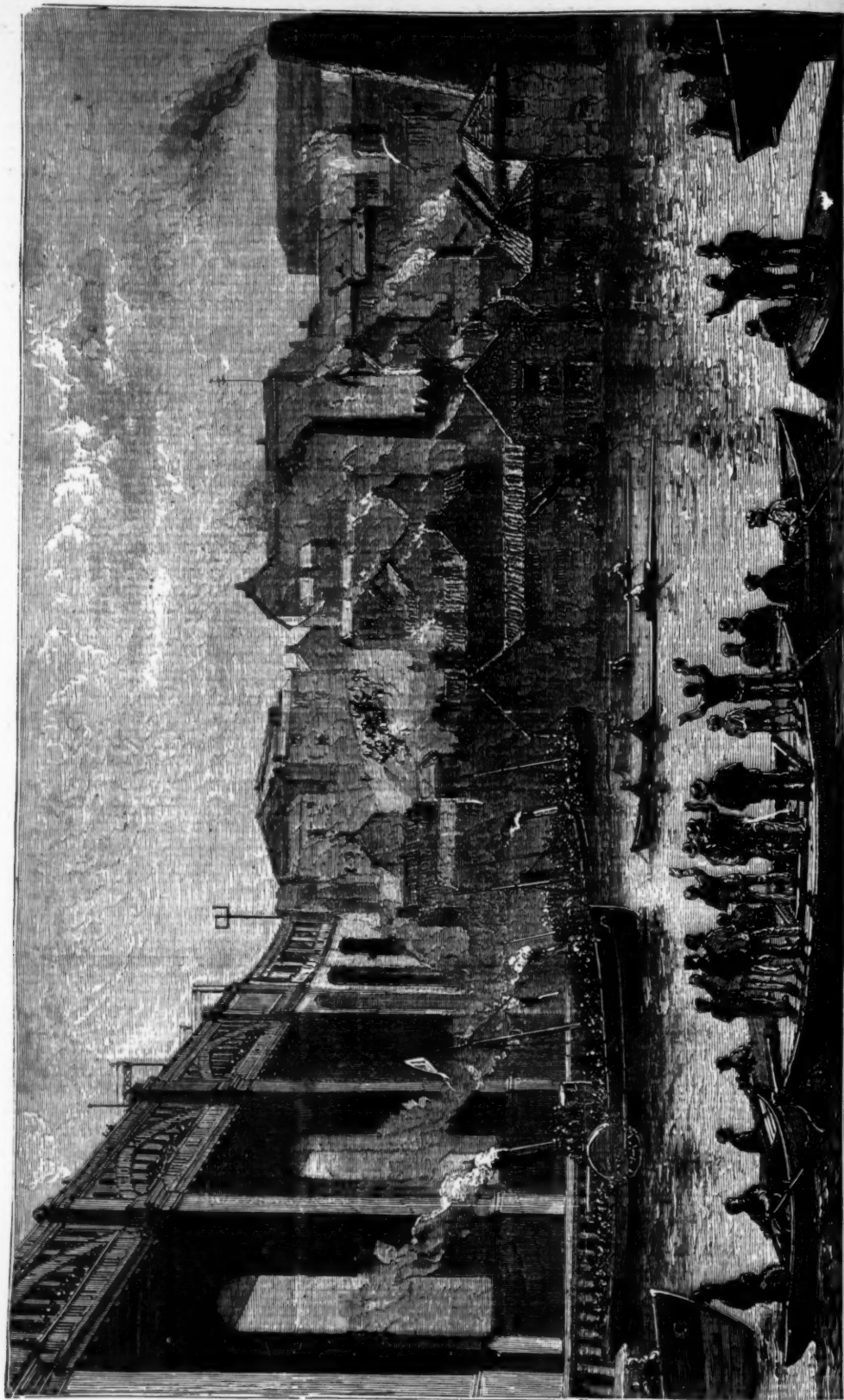
The possibility of crossing the River Tyne at a high level occurred to Edward Hutchinson, master mason, of

Newcastle, in the year 1771, when the old Tyne Bridge which spanned the river was swept away by a flood. He brought his prospectus and plan before the Newcastle



NEWCASTLE FROM GATESHEAD.

Corporation, but the members thereof could not see their way to adopt the suggestion. Still the project was only suspended for a time. In 1826 and succeeding years, proposals having the same object in view were made, and in 1839 Messrs. John and Benjamin Green published a scheme for crossing the river at a high level. None of the plans, however, met with approval, and it was not until 1846 that the matter took practical shape. A high level bridge had then become a necessity. Railways were being formed all over the country, and it was evident that, unless traffic could be conducted along the eastern route, the western lines would obtain a great advantage. Many difficulties presented themselves, but



THE HIGH LEVEL BRIDGE, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE: A BOAT RACE SCENE.



TYNE BRIDGE, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, 1859.

all were surmounted by Robert Stephenson, who devised the present noble structure.

The High Level Bridge is a composite viaduct, having a passage for the railway above, and a covered way for vehicles and passengers below. The bridge consists of six cast-iron arches, supported upon piers of solid masonry. The length of the viaduct is 1,337 feet; length of the waterway, 512 feet; height from high-water mark to the line of railway, 112 feet; and height from high water to the carriage way, 85 feet. The first pile of a temporary viaduct was driven on April 24, 1846; and the first permanent pile for forming the foundation was forced into position on October 1, 1846. The last key, closing the arches, was fitted into its place on June 7, 1849. On August 15, 1849, the upper roadway of the bridge was opened for use; and the lower road was thrown open to the public on February 4, 1850. The total cost was nearly half-a-million of money, made up as follows:—The bridge, £243,096; approaches, £113,057; land, compensation for buildings, &c., £135,000. Into the masonry of the piers and the land arches there entered 681,609 cubic feet of ashlar, 116,396 of rubble, and 46,224 of concrete. As many as 4,728½ tons of cast iron and 321½ tons of wrought iron were consumed. An Act of Parliament permits the North-Eastern Railway Company, the owners of the bridge, to charge at the rate of three miles for carrying a passenger across the upper portion; foot passengers pay a toll of a halfpenny when crossing by the roadway; and a carriage drawn by one horse is charged threepence.

The Tyne Bridge, which succeeded the old bridge destroyed in 1771, was erected in 1781, but it was far from being a satisfactory structure, and before

it had been in existence some seventy years it was showing signs of failure. In 1861 a bill was obtained for the substitution of "a bridge of a different construction." The first pile of a temporary erection was driven on September 7, 1865, and in 1866-7 the Tyne Bridge was removed. Industrial works had extended westward to such an extent that it was absolutely necessary that the new bridge should present no difficulties in the navigation of the river by large ships. It was resolved, therefore, to construct such a bridge as would be no impediment to river traffic. The new bridge, a structure of iron of the class known as the hydraulic swing bridge, was designed by Mr. John F. Ure, then engineer to the River Commissioners. Begun in 1868 and completed in 1876, the Swing Bridge has four openings corresponding with those of the High Level Bridge. The carriage way is 24 feet wide; the two footways are each 8 feet 6 inches. The superstructure of the bridge consists of a central or swinging portion, which is made to turn on a central pier, so as to form an opening for masted vessels to pass on each side of the pier, with two spans next the land on either side. The swing is constructed of wrought iron girders of what is called bowstring form, connected by cross girders, also of wrought iron, and supported in the centre by rollers on circular roads; and a large hydraulic press or ram, which, when the bridge is swung, shares a portion of the weight with the rollers. The whole weight of the swinging portion is about 1,500 tons, and the total length about 281 feet. It is moved round by powerful hydraulic machinery. The levers for working the machinery are placed in a raised lantern tower in the centre, and above the top of the girders. The bridge is so constructed that



THE SWING BRIDGE, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

a weight of sixty tons, on four wheels, can be safely passed over any part of the roadway; and it stood a test of this description before being opened for traffic. The whole of the ironwork of the superstructure of the side spans and the swinging portion, with the hydraulic and other machinery, was constructed by Sir William Armstrong and Company, at Elswick, Newcastle. The rest of the work, including the foundations of the piers and abutments, masonry, approaches, &c., was executed by the workmen of the River Tyne Commissioners.

Our illustrations include a drawing of the old Tyne Bridge from the Gateshead side of the river, made about 1859. (Page 265.) In the extreme distance may be seen Grey's Monument; nearer are the Old Castle, the tower of St. Nicholas' Cathedral, and the Moot Hall; in the middle distance are a number of warehouses; the small erection at the end of the bridge was a toll-house; close to it was a public-house, the landlord of which was Richard Ayre, a celebrated Radical, and a friend of Mr. Feargus O'Connor; part of the Guildhall may be observed on the right. The view of the High Level Bridge (on page 264) is taken from the north shore of the river. Here we have a familiar scene on the Tyne. A couple of scullers are about to row a race. The starters are in their places, and all are eagerly waiting for the signal to commence the contest. Two or three steamboats are filled with excited passengers; whilst a few spectators have taken temporary possession of wherries and boats; others again are content with the view from the causeway of the bridge, and a small group has congregated on an open space on the south side of the river. The drawing by Mr. Robert Jobling (page 263) also shows the Old Castle, St. Nicholas' Cathedral, the Fish Market, and the Moot Hall, but from a higher level. Many of these buildings are likewise depicted in the sketch of the Swing Bridge, the most noticeable object seen in the bridge itself being the tower from which the machinery which turns it is worked.

Lindley Murray at York.

IT is not generally known that the grammarian who exercised so much influence over the English language was closely associated with Yorkshire Quakers. Nor is it quite understood how the American scholar came to pass his days in England without ever returning to his native country. Both points are fully explained in "The Records of a Quaker Family, the Richardsons of Cleveland," by Mrs. Anne Ogden Boyce, which has been published by Messrs. West, Newman, and Co., of Hatton Garden. A whole chapter of this interesting narrative is devoted to Lindley Murray. Born at Swetara, Pennsylvania, in 1745, he grew up a "mischievous child" and a "heedless boy," though he believed he "never failed to perform his

tasks." When his schooling was over, he "wished to be anything rather than a merchant," and, with the waywardness of youth, resenting chastisement, he left his home and took up his abode in a distant seminary. Eventually his father allowed him to choose the legal instead of the mercantile profession. In the year 1766, when he was twenty-one, he was called to the American bar, and about the same time he married "a good and amiable woman." While the War of Independence was raging, Lindley Murray fell into ill-health, being troubled with a weakness in the muscles of his limbs. Nothing seemed likely to restore him, and at length a physician proposed a residence of two or three years in England, so as to escape the hot, exhausting summers of America; the climate of Yorkshire, we are told, being especially recommended. Thus it came that the voyage to England was made, and the parting from his native land proved to be for life.

Lindley Murray and his wife landed in England in 1784, the year in which peace was ratified. After visiting many places in Yorkshire, he bought a house and garden in the village of Holdgate, near York, and settled there in 1785. At first he had hopes of returning to America a vigorous man; but the improvement from change of climate was only temporary, and we find Lindley Murray writing in 1806:—"Two-and-twenty years have passed away since we left our native land, and little hope remains of our ever being able to visit it again." He was, however, quite resigned, and, indeed, became closely attached to this country. It is very refreshing at the present day to read the following expression of the feelings of this eminent scholar:—

Our attachment to England was founded on many pleasing associations. In particular, I had strong prepossessions in favour of a residence in this country, because I was ever partial to its political constitution, and the mildness and wisdom of its general system of laws. I knew that, under this excellent Government, life, property, reputation, civil and religious liberty are happily protected, and that the general character and virtue of its inhabitants take their complexion from the nature of their constitution and laws. On leaving my native country, there was not, therefore, any land on which I could cast my eye with so much pleasure; nor is there any which could have afforded me so much real satisfaction as I have found in Great Britain. May its political fabric, which has stood the test of ages, and long attracted the admiration of the world, be supported and perpetuated by Divine Providence! And may the hearts of Britons be grateful for this blessing, and for many others by which they are eminently distinguished!

The American lawyer who formed this estimate of British institutions did not surrender himself to the morbid fancies of an invalid. For years he took a daily drive to see "the busy or the cheerful faces of his fellow-men," while he occupied himself with writing his first work, entitled "The Power of Religion upon the Mind," which was printed at York in the year 1787. The first edition of five hundred copies, neatly bound in leather, was distributed at the author's own expense. "I sent them," he says, "to the principal inhabitants of York and its

vicinity; and accompanied each book with an anonymous note requesting a favourable acceptance of it, and apologizing for the liberty I had taken." This modesty had its reward. "The publication," writes Mrs. Boyce, "was well received, and several editions were printed in London. When a sixth edition was called for, Lindley Murray enlarged and improved the book, and placed his name on the title page, and then gave away the copyright to a London publisher, hoping in this way to attain the end he had in view of making the work useful."

Lindley Murray found pleasant and congenial society amongst members of the Society of Friends in York. An undertaking of the Tuke family, a school for girls, was a source of interest and pleasure to him. The historian of York School (speaking of Holdgate) says:—

"In this pleasant home Lindley Murray was compelled to lead a quiet, sedentary life, so he devoted his time chiefly to reading and writing. He took a great interest in the school, and was often consulted as a literary oracle by his friends there. The teachers, Ann and Mabel Tuke, and Jane Taylor, who were intimate friends as well as colleagues, feeling their inability to teach grammar, applied to him for aid; and during a succession of winter evenings he gave them regular lessons, much to their own enjoyment and the benefit of their pupils. The walks to Holdgate, as well as the lessons, were noteworthy, for the road was dark and rough; but the young pedestrians, shod in pattens, and escorted by a man carrying a lantern, bravely and cheerily wended their way to their preceptor's home, where their presence was both welcome and enlivening." Although a hundred years have passed since then (Mrs. Boyce proceeds), we can picture the scene, and almost seem to hear the voices of those lively girls as, casting aside cloaks and pattens, they passed from the darkness of the steep Holdgate Lane into the cheerful parlour, where they brought the freshness of youth and health and of active work into the quiet lives of their genial instructor and of his kind, hospitable wife. "A little later," says the historian, "we find three of the teachers uniting in a 'humble petition to the Right Hon. Lindley Murray, teacher of the English language, &c., &c.' After stating the inconvenience they have experienced 'from the want of a complete English grammar, with examples and rules annexed,' and expressing their faith in 'the incomparable abilities of their able preceptor,' they humbly solicit the preparation 'of his materials for a work so important, and in the execution of which they will gladly afford him their feeble assistance. And his petitioners will, as in duty bound, desire (also pray) that his labours may be amply rewarded by the manifest fruits of its utility to the present and succeeding generations.'" Lindley Murray's reply to this petition is a doubtful one, but it contains the sentence that he "entertains such a respect and affection for his dear friends, Ann Tuke, Mabel Tuke, and Martha Fletcher, that it would be no easy matter for him to refuse any request that they might think proper to make." So, in the words of the Historical Sketch, "It was to this playful yet earnest appeal from the teachers, seconded and strengthened by the representatives of other schools, that we owe the Grammar which for half a century was decidedly the most useful and popular class-book in England; we think deservedly so when compared with its contemporaries, and judged by the standard that prevailed at the time. It was published in 1795, and the profits of the first edition were devoted to the benefit of the school."

The Grammar was followed by other works, such as the "English Reader," and it is pleasant to know that their great sale brought large profits to the author and the publishers. Indeed, the latter wished to have Mr.

Murray's portrait painted at their expense; but, in accordance with the views of most Friends of that day, he declined the proposal. Though his income from property in America rarely exceeded £600 a year, he considered this quite sufficient for his wants, and the money which the Messrs. Longman paid him for his copyrights all went to increase his charities. "These," says Mrs. Boyce, "were varied and judicious, including the payment of school fees for many poor children, and the quiet giving of help to persons in straitened circumstances. One trifling act of kindness," she adds, "is still remembered in York. Within sight of his house a footpath ran over some fields to the city. Lindley Murray kept this path in repair at his own expense, and placed seats upon it; and it gave him pleasure when, by the aid of a glass, he could see that these seats afforded rest to some tired wayfarer."

Lindley Murray's association with the Richardsons of Cleveland was through Hannah, one of the three sisters, daughters of Henry Richardson of Stockton, who take the chief place in Mrs. Boyce's biography:—

Somewhat changed from the stylish girl in the gipsy hat and feathers, we now behold her in the neat close cap of Quakerism, writing from Lindley Murray's dictation, reading aloud to him slowly and distinctly, and presiding over his household. When she became a resident at Holdgate, Lindley Murray was entirely confined to the house, his strength being no longer equal to his daily drive. "His gentle wife," writes a correspondent, "was so entirely devoted to his companionship that she rarely left the house, and their sprightly and energetic young friend (Hannah) formed a needed link between them and the outer world." Every morning her tall, lissom figure was seen on the road between Holdgate and York, her feet shod with pattens if the weather was wet, her hand carrying a basket, her walk full of energy and directness of purpose. Her lightness of heart did not depart with her feathers, nor did her quiet dress dull her spirits. Not only in the seclusion of Holdgate, but in many a home in York, her cheerful presence was welcome. It is still remembered how her coming was watched for in houses which she passed in her daily walk; and how her friends would rush to door or window to beg for a few minutes of her company; but, beyond the time required for loving greetings and inquiries, she might not prolong her stay. The invalid almost counted the minutes until her return with his letters, his daily paper, his *Newcastle Chronicle* once a week, and the news of his friends. Some marvelled at the way in which his messenger curbed her natural inclinations and strongly social instincts, and bent her will to that of another. But if this caused her a struggle, it was known to herself alone.

Very tranquil was the life led in this spot; the Quaker home was indeed a resting-place to be envied:—

Holdgate was the home of Hannah Richardson for twenty years. During most of this time, there was only one female servant, a Friend, called Mary Hollingsworth, whose beautiful complexion, happy countenance, and spotless Quaker dress added to the charm of the household. One of Mary's duties was to bake, with the household bread, large soft biscuits, so that beggars who came to Holdgate, if not relieved by money, might never be sent away hungry. So closely in readiness did Mary keep these biscuits that it is said she slipped one into the hand of the genial minister, James Backhouse, when he came to call upon her master!

During the last twelve years of Lindley Murray's life, from 1814 to 1826, he became increasingly dependent,

Mrs. Boyce informs us, upon Hannah Richardson as his reader and secretary. Indeed, his correspondence with his family in America came, in the end, to be conducted entirely by Hannah, and formed an important part of her duties; and long after the venerable pair at Holdgate were gathered to their rest, she continued to receive tokens of esteem from the unknown friends who loved her for their sake. It was at the age of eighty-one, having lived forty-one years at Holdgate, that the kind-hearted and high-souled American breathed his last, leaving his devoted wife, "a remarkably sweet and unselfish woman," to be tended for eight years longer by the no less devoted representative of a noble Quaker family.

After the death of the aged widow of Lindley Murray in 1834, Hannah Richardson undertook the duties of "governess" in Ackworth School—the post nearly resembling that of "principal" in a modern institution. The school, wrote the historian, "never had, and never will have, one who more successfully occupied her trust and won the hearts of all around her."

The North-Country Garland of Song.

By John Stokoe.

THE SKIPPER'S WEDDING.

THERE is no subject more calculated to give such an insight into the inner life of our ancestors than the study of the local popular songs which treat of domestic life, courtship, or marriage; and the song of "The Skipper's Wedding" is a graphic picture of men and manners about the close of the last century.

Weddings have from time immemorial been looked upon as peculiarly occasions on which to create festivals of eating, drinking, and dancing, and from the catalogue of good things named in the song the preparations of the bridegroom and the parents of the bride for the wedding suggest that none of the company expected to be present would have appetites of the valetudinarian kind.

The song was very popular for many years, though, with the exception of Blind Willy, nothing is known of any of the eccentric characters named as expected to honour the bridal by their presence. Possibly they only existed in the imagination of the author.

Mr. William Stephenson, the elder, the author of the song, was born in 1763 in Gateshead, and died there in 1836.

The tune to which the ballad is sung is Irish, and usually known as "The Night before Larry was Stretched," and some of our best local songs have been

written to it, such as William Mitford's "Pitman's Courtship," &c.

Neigh - bours, I'm come for to tell you, Our
skip - per and Moll's to be wed; And
if it be true what they're say - ing, E -
gad! We'll be all rare - ly fed. They've
brought home a should - er of mut - ton, Be -
sides two thump - ing fat geese, And
when at the fire they're roast - ing We're
all to have sops in the grease. Blind
Wil - ly's to play on the fid - dle.

Neighbours, I'm come for to tell you
Our skipper and Moll's to be wed;
And if it be true what they're saying,
Egad! we'll be all rarely fed.
They've brought home a shoulder of mutton,
Besides two thumping fat geese,
And when at the fire they're roasting
We're all to have sops in the grease.
Blind Willy's to play on the fiddle.

And there will be pies and spice dumplings;
And there will be bacon and peas;
Besides a great lump of beef boiled,
And they may get crowdies that please.
To eat of such things as these are
I'm sure you have seldom the luck;
Besides, for to make us some pottage,
There'll be a sheep's head and a pluck.
Blind Willy's to play on the fiddle.

Of sausages there will be plenty,
Black puddings, sheep fat, and neats' tripe;
Besides, for to warm all your nooses,
Great store of tobacco and pipes.
A room, they say, is provided
For us at "The Old Jacob's Well";
The bridegroom he went there this morning,
And spoke for a barrel o' yell.
Blind Willy's to play on the fiddle.

There's sure to be those things I've mentioned,
And many things else; and I learn
That there's white bread and butter and sugar
To please every bonny young bairn.

Of each dish and glass you'll be welcome
To eat and to drink till you stare;
I've told you what meat's to be at it,
I'll next tell you who's to be there.
Blind Willy's to play on the fiddle.

Why, there will be Peter the Hangman,
Who flogs the folk at the cart tail;
Auld Bob, with his new sark and ruffle,
Made out of an old keel sail;
And Tib on the Quay who sells oysters,
Whose mother oft strove to persuade
Her to keep from the lads, but she wouldn't,
Until she got by them betrayed.
Blind Willy's to play on the fiddle.

And there will be Sandy the Cobbler,
Whose belly's as round as a keg;
And Doll with her short petticoats
To display her white stockings and leg;
And Sall, who, when snug in a corner,
Her glass was ne'er known to refuse;
She cursed when her father was drowned,
Because he had on his new shoes.
Blind Willy's to play on the fiddle.

And there will be Sam the Quack Doctor,
Of skill and profession he'll crack;
And Jack who would fain be a soldier,
But for a great hump on his back;
And Tom, in the streets for his living,
Who grinds razors, scissors, and knives,
And two or three merry old women
That call "mugs and dublers,* wives."
Blind Willy's to play on the fiddle.

But, neighbours, I'd almost forgotten
For to tell you—exactly at one,
The dinner will be on the table,
The music will play till it's done:
When you'll all be heartily welcome
Of this merry feast for to share;
But if you won't come at this bidding,
Why then you may stay where you are.
Blind Willy's to play on the fiddle.

Beeswing and Lanercost.



ATIMER'S "Local Records," under date 15th September, 1842, contains the following entry:—

The celebrated racing mare, Bee's-wing, the property of William Orde, Esq., of Nunnykirk, Northumberland, closed her wonderful career on the turf by winning the Doncaster Cup. This was Bee's-wing's fifty-first victory, and the twenty-fourth gold cup which she had won, a number quite unprecedented. After having eight foals—four colts and four fillies—several of which proved themselves worthy descendants of "the pride of the North," Bee's-wing died March 4, 1854, near Chester, aged 21 years.

The author of a chatty work on turf worthies—"The Druid"—tells some good stories about the owner of Beeswing and his jockey, one Bob Johnson. Thus he tells us that owner and jockey once duly decided, after accepting sixpence for the purpose from a facetious friend at Ascot, to "let t'aud mare win first, and get shaved afterwards." Another time they were heard to take counsel together about the state of Mr. Orde's betting book. "I've taken fifteen sovereigns to two, Robert, about the mare," said the owner, most meekly:

* A dubler or doubler was a large dish, plate, or bowl.—*Obsolete.*

"shall I hedge?" "In course, nowt of the sort," was the prompt answer. "Stan'it oot; be a man or a moose." On one occasion, when this comical pair were separated, Bob suddenly felt constrained by a sense of duty to communicate stable intelligence to his employer, and he dictated the following note to Will Beresford, whom he requested to act as his secretary: "Sir, the meer's weel, aa's weel, we're all weel." It must, however, be explained that this missive was much more voluminous as originally drafted, for it contained a number of expletives which Bob was in the habit of using. When Beresford read it over to him, he remonstrated thus: "In course, thoo knaa, Mr. Beresford, aa didn't tell thee to put in 'In course' all that number of times. Noo, aa'll gie it thee plain." And so it was abbreviated as above.

Bob was born at Sunderland, and was apprenticed in that town to a quack doctor or herbalist, who also dealt a little in smuggled spirits. The herb and bottle business was not at all to Bob's taste: so he soon deserted it, and took up the more congenial occupation to which his after life was devoted. He won the St. Leger three years out of four on Ottrington, General Chassé, and St. Patrick; but, after that, he had always the ill luck to be only third, so that when his friends at Doncaster consulted him as to his chances, they never got much more out of him than this: "In course, thoo may back me to be thord—likely enough t'and place—aa never get forrarder."

"In his wasting days," we quote from "The Druid," "Bob was an eminent member of that School of Industry which met during the Newcastle race mornings in the servants' hall at Gosforth. Mr. Brandling liked this custom kept up, and often a muffled troop of Sim, Jacques, Scott, Harry Edwards, Holmes, Garbutt, Cartwright, Lys, Oates, Gray, &c., would be found there about ten o'clock, sipping the warm ale which the butler always had in readiness for them after their three miles' walk from the Grand Stand (the Grand Stand was then on the Town Moor), and listening, if Bill Scott was not just i' the vein, to Bob Johnson's comments on nags and men. One morning Bob did not get on with his ale, and Mr. Brandling asked him if there was anything else he would like better. 'Aa don't knaa, sor,' said he, 'but aa should like a bottle of your champagne.' It was accordingly brought, and Bob considered that he put his host up to such a good thing for the day while they were drinking it, that he wound up with, 'Weel, aa think aa should like another away with me, Mr. Brandling, to drink yor health when aa's won.' His companion protested in vain, but Mr. Brandling was intensely amused, and sided so energetically with Bob that another was fetched and duly stuffed into his pocket, and away he went rejoicing, and verified his Gosforth tip by beating Sim cleverly."

A story is related of Mr. Orde in connection with Beeswing which smacks of the flavour of the soil. It is said that the Queen was so much struck with what she had heard of the merits of the famous mare, that she asked

Mr. Orde whether he would part with her. Mr. Orde is reported to have replied that he would personally have been happy to oblige her Majesty, but that Beeswing belonged to the people of the North!

While Beeswing was the Northumberland, Lanercost was the Cumberland favourite. The sire of Lanercost was Liverpool, the property of Mr. Ramsay, of Barnton, who, having bought him, when a yearling, from his Cumbrian owner, for £130, sent him to Tuppill to be trained. That great authority, Tom Dawson, next season considered him the finest-grown two-year-old he ever saw, and could hardly believe he was the same beast, "all belly and no neck," which he had seen at The Bush, at Carlisle, the year before. On his first trials, he failed, and disappointed the Carlisle folks; but the spirit of his nominator, James Parkin, did not flag. Parkin was a man who, in a general way, did not care much for racing, being devoted rather to steeple-chasing, fox-hunting, and stage-coach driving, in which latter line of business he was in his glory; but he nominated Lanercost for all his three-year-old engagements, in the firmest belief that he would yet prove to be one of the best horses the world ever saw. The animal verified Parkin's hope so far as to win at Newcastle, then at the Caledonian Hunt, then at Dumfries, and finally at Ayr, where the rivalry for the Cup was in those days high and keen among the Scottish dons. Lanercost was the winner of five races, in Scotland and England, between the 4th of September and the 18th of October; and on the 28th of the latter month he won the great Cambridgeshire Stakes, the first year they were established. In the following season, he gained a short-head victory over Beeswing for the Newcastle Cup, and also beat her on the Berry Moss for the Kelso Cup. Next year Lanercost won the Cup and two other prizes at Ascot, but was beaten at Newcastle by Beeswing. After that, he was sold for £2,800 to Mr. Kirby, for whom he won the Chester Cup in 1842. This was the last of his brilliant public performances. His stud career ended at Chantilly, in the Emperor Napoleon's splendid stables.

Stephen Hollin's Ghost.

TANFIELD, a small and scattered village on the south bank of the Tees, five miles west of Darlington, and nine miles north-east of Richmond, has to the north-east of it a number of high, bleak, lonely grass fields called the Carrs. In the midst of these Carrs there is a small house, used as a hind's house, built on the site of a former farm-house. In that farm-house the farmer, Stephen Hollin, was murdered by his two nephews, and his body was buried in the fields; but,

as suspicion was aroused some time after by his disappearance, his bones were taken up by them, and burnt in a brick oven. I well remember coming home from gathering mushrooms in these Carrs on misty autumn evenings, and looking round quite expecting to see Stephen Hollin's ghost coming along the "long grey fields" in the brown suit and low-crowned hat of which I had so often heard.

A dear old woman who lived near us, and who died a few years ago upwards of eighty, never tired of telling us tales of "Stephen," as the ghost was familiarly called. Her father, who died over ninety years of age, was the village blacksmith. The Tweddles have time out of mind been the blacksmiths at Manfield; the present blacksmith's name is Tweddle. Around Bessie's fire on winter nights, or seated on her "bink" at the door on summer evenings, we have listened spell-bound to strange tales of the ghost. I cannot say when the murder was committed; it must have been long, long ago, as the stories were then things of the past. Only one old man besides Bessie professed to have seen the ghost. A servant boy who came to her grandfather's blacksmith shop rather late in the evening, with a "plough coulter" to be sharpened, was warned that he might see Stephen as he returned home. He had to pass through the Carrs to another lonely farm-house. He replied that he didn't care for Stephen; if Stephen came to him, he would throw the "plough coulter" at his head. Next morning, his dead body was found in the fields, all scratched and torn. Of course, Stephen Hollin had killed him. A relation of my father's, who was coming from Grunton one winter night in the snow, saw Stephen's low-crowned hat over the hedge. She ran for her life, and lost her shoe in her fright. Many people searched for the shoe, but it could never be found. Stephen had got it.

At Cauldknockles, as his own house was called, he was on quite familiar terms with the inmates. He would sometimes hold the "milkus" door, preventing all admittance at his pleasure. Sometimes in a playful mood he would roll cheeses downstairs. Once he stole a tailor's thread, took it upstairs, and threw it down from a hole in the ceiling into the tailor's face. Sometimes, in a morning, the horses would be "all in a lather." Stephen had been riding them all night. Occasionally the noise of threshing (of course with a flail then) would be heard, and dust and "caff" would be seen streaming abundantly out of the barn door; but the initiated would take it as a matter of course, simply remarking, "It's only Stephen." A servant girl was on such familiar terms with him that she used, when she had a heavy "skeeful" of calf-meat to convey, to say, in a coaxing manner, "Tak haud, Stephen," and the invisible Stephen used to hold up the other side and carry exactly as a real person would do. But the strangest of all his pranks was a meaningless one. A cow had calved one night, and the calf disappeared, and could nowhere be found. At last it was heard to

"blair" in the air, and there it was thrown across the rigging-tree of the house. Of course, Stephen had put it there.

Many more such tales I could tell. These tales were spread far and wide over the neighbouring villages, and formed the subject of conversation round many a winter fire. Their real existence was devoutly believed in. We durst not venture on a word of unbelief to Bessie. Had she not seen Stephen herself when a girl?

Alas! he no more revisits the glimpses of the moon. He was conjured into a well by a priest. Will he ever return? I am afraid not.

DARLINGTON.

Nab Cottage, Rydalmere.

TOURISTS who travel from Ambleside to Keswick will notice a cottage on the roadside near the foot of Nab Scar—an offshoot of Fairfield—and within a few yards of Rydal Water. This modest dwelling does not present any extraordinary external features. Within a short distance there are many houses that are much more picturesque. Nab Cottage, as it is called, derives, indeed, all its interest from the circumstance that it was at one time the temporary residence of two of the literary giants of "Wordsworthshire"—Thomas de Quincey and Hartley Coleridge.

De Quincey lived for many years in a small house at Town End, Grasmere, which had been vacated by Wordsworth. Having married Margaret Simpson,

daughter of a Westmoreland farmer living at Nab Cottage, he, after this happy event, alternated between the two places. A great collector of books and papers, he first filled every conceivable corner in the Town End house with his treasures, and then stored the surplus in Nab Cottage. It does not appear that De Quincey was at any time the tenant of Nab Cottage; for after he left the Lake District in 1830 and went to Edinburgh, he still retained the place at Town End for a few years.

Nab Cottage was Hartley Coleridge's home for some seventeen or eighteen years. It is known that Hartley was held in great esteem by all the inhabitants of the valley of the Rothay. "La'al Hartley" (little Hartley) was a prime favourite with the sturdy yeomen, and the declaration that "he's yan on us" indicated how close was the intimacy. But Hartley Coleridge's irregular habits were a source of perpetual regret to his relatives and friends. Many will remember the forebodings of Wordsworth:—

I think of thee with many fears,
For what may be thy lot in future years.

Harriet Martineau thus writes on the same subject:—
"Those who knew the Lakes of old will remember the peculiar form and countenance which used to haunt the roads between Ambleside and Grasmere—the eccentric-looking being whom the drivers were wont to point out as the son of the great Coleridge, and himself a poet. He is more missed in his neighbourhood than in the literary world; for he loved everybody, and had many friends. His mournful weakness was regarded with unusual forbearance; and there was more love and pity than censure in the minds of those who practically found how difficult it was to help him. Those who knew him most loved



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NAB COTTAGE, RYDALMERE.

him best; but he was sufficiently known afar by his works to be an object of interest to strangers who passed his home."

Hartley Coleridge died at Nab Cottage on January 6, 1849, and lies buried in Grasmere Churchyard.

Long Meg and her Daughters.

ABOUT half-a-dozen miles north-east of Penrith, on an eminence intersected by a public road and a boundary wall, is the Druidical monument known as Long Meg and her Daughters. Authorities differ as to the exact number of stones that constitute the circle, and it will be sufficient to state that there are between sixty and seventy. The residents aver that the stones cannot be counted twice alike, which is not at all surprising, since some of them are covered with herbage. It is also gravely affirmed that the relics are the remains of a company of witches that were transformed into stones on the prayer of a saint. Long Meg, the principal stone, stands 25 yards south of the circle, opposite four other stones which suggest the form of a gateway. It has four faces, is 12 feet high and 14 feet in girth, and is computed to weigh about seventeen tons. About twenty-seven of the "daughters" are standing erect. Some of the stones in the circle are limestone, some granite, and others greenstone. Wordsworth wrote of them:—"When I first saw this monument, as I came upon it by surprise, I might over-rate its importance as an object; but, though it will not bear a comparison with Stonehenge, I must say I have not seen any other relic of those dark ages which can pretend to rival it in singularity and dignity of appearance." The same poet apostrophises Long Meg in the following lines:—

A weight of awe not easy to be borne
Fell suddenly upon my spirit—cast
From the dread bosom of the unknown past,
When first I saw that sisterhood forlorn—
Speak thou, whose massy strength and stature scorn
The power of years—pre-eminent and placed
Apart, to overlook the circle vast—

Speak, giant-mother! tell it to the morn
While she dispels the cumbrous shades of night;
Let the moon hear, emerging from a cloud,
At whose behest uprose, on British ground,
That sisterhood, in hieroglyphic round
Forth-shadowing, some have deemed, the infinite,
The inviolable God, that tames the proud!

William Swan's Misfortunes.

ON the morning of Friday, the 15th day of March, 1786, was found dead in his bed, at an obscure lodging near Chiswell Street, London, Mr. William Swan. He was the only surviving male heir of Thomas Swan, Alderman and Mayor of Hull, who left estates to the amount of £20,000 per annum, to recover which William had been trying in vain for twenty-five years. This man's history, and still more that of his father, afford a striking confirmation of the truth of the old proverb, that "Truth is stranger than fiction."

The father, so the story goes, was the eldest son of Richard Swan, of Benwell Hall, near Newcastle, and was trepanned from his father's house when nine years of age. He was put on board the *Britannia* brig, which formed part of the squadron of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, and he began his career in that vessel as cabin-boy, or, to use old-fashioned seamen's language, as powder-monkey; his chief duty being to bring powder from the magazine to the guns during a sea-fight. In this capacity he served in the unsuccessful expedition against Toulon in 1707; and on the return home of the fleet, he was wrecked on the Scilly Isles in the great disaster of the 22nd October. On that occasion Sir Cloudesley's flagship, the *Association*, in which were several persons of rank and eight hundred brave men, went instantly to the bottom; the *Eagle*, the *Romney*, and the *Firebrand* were also lost with all on board; but the rest of the fleet escaped. Not long afterwards, however, the vessel in which Swan sailed was taken by an Algerine corsair, the captain of which sold him as a slave to the Moors. He remained in bondage in Barbary for about four years, after which he was



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LONG MEG AND HER DAUGHTERS, NEAR PENRITH.

set at liberty by the Redeeming Friars, an order of monks devoted to the redemption of Christian captives from slavery, through whose instrumentality many thousands of such poor wretches were restored to their homes.

After his redemption from the Moors, however, poor Swan was again taken prisoner, and this time he was carried off and sold for a slave to an English planter in South Carolina. There he suffered almost every woe that human nature is capable of enduring, being compelled to work under a burning sun, on the cotton and rice plantations, from sunrise to sunset, with the merciless slave-driver's lash swinging over his back. He managed to escape, and got back to England in 1726, after a banishment of twenty years.

Making his way to Newcastle, he was identified by his nurse and his father's footman. Then he laid claim to the estates of his uncle, the Hull alderman; but, having neither money nor friends to assist him, all his efforts proved abortive. After this, he settled at the village of North Dalton, near Great Driffield, in Yorkshire, where he married Jane Cole, who bore him, with other issue, one son, William, whom he left heir to his claims and his misfortunes, dying, as he did, in his thirty-eighth year, of a broken heart.

Left a mere infant to the care of his mother in 1735, William Swan was naturally told, when he grew up, to what rich estates he was the legitimate heir. He had his father's melancholy experience and premature death to warn him; but it would have been an almost superhuman stretch of self-denial if he had quietly abandoned his pretensions to wealth and rank, and settled down as something like a common day-labourer. He consulted a certain pettifogging attorney in Driffield, who, anxious for business, and zealous to distinguish and perhaps enrich himself, advised the young man that his claim was good and valid, and offered to conduct his case, without any advance of money on his part except a mere trifle for correspondence, postages, court fees, &c., until judgment should be given in his favour, when his guerdon, honestly earned, should be ten thousand pounds—a half-year's rent of the estate. This offer was accepted, and the preliminary steps were taken. The attorney reported from time to time how his case was going on, and got from his client every guinea he could spare—not many, in truth—to meet current expenses. The young man and his mother denied themselves all but the bare necessities of life, in order to make these payments. Weeks and months passed away, but no decision was given. Years elapsed, yet still it was no otherwise. Hope deferred, as Solomon says, maketh the heart sick; and in Mrs. Swan's case, the saying came literally true, and led to a melancholy result. For she fell into despondency, sickened, and died, her last words to her son being, "Oh, William, let this horrid plea drop. Don't pay that man any more money. I feel that he would skin us both alive. They're a bad set, all these law-men." But William, more

hopeful, as well as more obstinate, was determined that he would not let the plea drop. Indeed, it had for some time absorbed his whole mind. He had bought a second-hand copy of "Blackstone's Commentaries," and he pored over its musty pages till he had got whole chapters off by heart. Blackstone's chapter "Of Dispossession, or Ouster, of Chattels Real," was to him more than the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, and the Ten Commandments all together. He could think of nothing else, dream of nothing else, talk of nothing else. Every penny he had went to his lawyer after he had satisfied the inexorable calls of nature.

Giving up housekeeping, he went to lodge and board with a middle-aged widow, who had an only daughter about four-and-twenty, to whom a rich uncle had left a few hundred pounds. Mother and daughter both felt interested in their lodger's case, the nature and state of which they were soon familiarised with, as it was his only staple topic of conversation whenever he was in the house. So one pound after another was freely lent him, till the sum advanced came to something considerable, far beyond William's ability ever to repay, unless he succeeded in getting possession of his property. It scarcely needs to be said that he gave them a solemn promise—a promise, too, as sincere as it was solemn—that as soon as the case had been decided in his favour, as he never doubted that it would be, they should have a liberal share of his wealth poured into their laps. By and by the young woman and the young man began to feel a softer mutual affection than mere sympathy on the one side and gratitude on the other could possibly have inspired. In plain terms, they fell deeply in love. The mother, looking confidently to her lodger being a rich gentleman before long, was quite willing that it should be a match. And so the couple were wedded. But not long after the indissoluble knot had been tied, the fact transpired that the rascally Driffield attorney had been deceiving his client all the while, pocketing for his own benefit the money he had received for carrying on the suit, which had been entirely neglected.

William Swan now resolved that he must go to London to look after his law affairs himself. He at once laid the case before another lawyer, who gave it as his opinion that an action for ejectment, for trying the title to the Yorkshire property, should immediately be raised, and likewise an action of trespass, with a view to recover the whole or at least part of the rents which had accrued during the years that had elapsed since Alderman Swan's demise. More money was of course needed, and had to be forthcoming. William Swan had spent all that he had, and also all that his wife had brought him; and yet he was, like the woman in the gospel, who had suffered many things of many physicians, nothing bettered, but rather very much the reverse. Had he never had any expectations, pretences, or claims to prosecute, he might have been an honest, industrious, contented man. As it

was, though indeed still honest, he had, as the saying is, "broken his working arm," and was about as far from being contented with his lot as it is possible to conceive—in fact, a disappointed, ruined, almost heart-broken man. His wife's mother had died in the interim, but he had still his wife to console him. She was an excellent woman, and never said a word, nor gave a look, to lead her husband to think she repented of her choice of so unlucky a man for her life-partner. But William continued to haunt the purlieus of the courts till he was worn almost to a shadow, though he might as well have tried to lift Westminster Hall as to get what he believed to be justice, his purse being quite empty, and the friends he had as poor as himself.

To conclude, he found himself one day inside the Fleet prison, where, with his usual ill-luck, he caught the jail fever. His poor wife, constant to the last, being permitted to visit him and bring him some little cheap delicacies, caught the infection, and died within a few days. William, on the contrary, recovered, though the fever left him so weak that he could scarcely crawl. A gaol-delivery shortly afterwards set him free, with several others; but he was no longer fit for this world. He managed to get into humble lodgings in a narrow lane or alley near Chiswell Street, and there, quite worn out, he breathed his last. His mortal remains, we believe, fill a pauper's grave.

Luke Long, Quack Doctor.

A FULL, and at the same time a perfect, set of the ten volumes of the *Newcastle Magazine*, published monthly between 1820 and 1831, is not easy to obtain. Stray volumes are to be found on the bookstalls, but generally lacking title pages, indexes, portraits, engravings, or some other part of the contents, and mostly in a dirty and dilapidated condition. Yet, as an illustration of the literary accomplishments of a bygone generation in Northumberland, the magazine is most interesting. Mr. W. A. Mitchell, the Jupiter Tonans of the *Tyne Mercury*, better known in his later years as "Tim Tunbelly" and "Peter Putright," was the proprietor and editor, and among the contributors were Dr. Charles Hutton, Henry Atkinson, and Wesley S. B. Woolhouse, mathematicians; Nicholas Wood, Robert Hawthorn, and Benjamin Thompson, engineers; John Sykes and John Fenwick, antiquaries; John Mackay Wilson, Robert Story, James Telfer, Robert Gilchrist, and Robert White, poets and story-tellers, not to mention Thomas Wilson, whose famous descriptive poem, "The Pitman's Pay," first saw the light in its columns. It was the *Monthly Chronicle* of its day, with the addition of mathematical problems, poetical contributions, moral essays, reviews of local literature, and

other features that now find expression in the newspapers. In the volume for 1823 is a curious biography, written by John Sykes, the chronologer, of a Newcastle character named "Doctor" Long. There is a note of him in the "Local Records" of the same writer, and another in "Richardson's Table Book"; but the one from the magazine contains more detail than the others, and is written in a style that would have pleased the editor of "English Eccentrics," or the compiler of the "Wonderful Museum." Here is the note:—

Luke Long had been, in the early part of his life, a surgeon's mate in different ships on the coast of Africa, but, "escaping the dangers of the seas," he settled in Newcastle, first in the High Bridge, and afterwards in Union Street, where he died, Jan. 4th, 1803, aged 77. After he became stationary in Newcastle, he practised as an apothecary; hence the degree of "Doctor" was conferred upon him. From the various improvements which had taken place in the science of medicine (the doctor strictly adhering to the old school), his business gradually dwindled into insignificance; this compelled him to stock his shop with ribbons, tapes, blacking, balls, brushes, &c., in addition to Daffy's elixir, Anderson's pills, worm-cakes, &c., &c. The singular medley he thus associated together would form a very curious catalogue, where, as in the village barber's shop,—

Pomatum pots, rollers, and musty perfumes,
Remnants of stumps, a broken case of lancets,
Leeches, and genuine corn-salve, made a show.

The doctor was very loquacious, and had something to tell of almost every person and subject. He had a particular fluency in relating stories, and, being a jovial member of the festive board, he was frequently invited to public dinners, where his flashes of wit often "set the table in a roar." On such occasions he sung with great glee songs written by himself. This eccentric character was fond of a joke, but an anecdote is told wherein he was fairly outwitted in his own way. A few years before his death, wishing to have a new wig, the maker was sent for, who immediately set about the measurement of the caput. "Good Mr. Tonson," said the doctor, "I would have you to add a few inches to your gage, and be sure that you go over the premises with care; for you must know, sir, that I have a long head." "Ay, doctor," replied the barber, "and a thick one too." The quickness of the fellow's wit, it is said, quite charmed the doctor.

In person he was a short thick man, and assuming a very pompous and dignified demeanour gave him a very professional appearance. He was usually dressed in black with a cocked hat, white wig, and a gold-headed cane, the talisman of the old school. The upstarts of the profession, as he used to call the modern practitioners, had monopolised nearly the whole of the doctor's business, yet he retained considerable notoriety for his infallible worm-cakes, being the famous worm annihilator of that day, as Doctor Thompson is of this.

Richardson states that Dr. Long's "flashes of wit" were never spoiled with too much polishing, nor were his metrical compositions overloaded with erudition. Everything new was almost sure to meet with his reprehension, and the disappointments and failures of others, which he pretended to have foreseen, with the severity of his sarcasm.

And if a man did wish to hear a tale,
Secrets of families, or affairs of State,
Here lived an oily tongue would tell it him.

RICHARD WELFORD.

The Burning Hills of Shields.

—In futurity's dark womb,
Laid up for Shields is Sodom's doom;
For all that store of bitumen
Was not placed under it in vain.

—Hookey Walker's Farewell to Shields.

FROM Shields up to Newcastle the banks of the Tyne are studded with artificial mountains. These unsightly heaps, composed of ballast, saltpan ash, and glasshouse refuse, began to be formed about two hundred and fifty years ago, when the coal trade first grew to be of importance. The Corporation of Newcastle, as Conservators of the river, claimed to have a monopoly in the disposal of all ballast brought into the river, charging for its delivery on to the town shores eightpence per ton to non-freemen, and fourpence to freemen. The understanding was that all the ballast should be carried up to Newcastle; and in case a ship went no further than Shields harbour, which happened with most, the ballast had to be taken out of her by keelmen, and carried up the river some eight or nine miles to the Corporation ballast shores in or near the town. According to an ordinance of the Free Hostmen, confirmed by the Corporation, shippers who cast their ballast at Shields were not allowed to load coals in the river till they had paid a certain fine for contempt, and also paid a regular due of eightpence per ton. It is on record that some were arrested, fined, and imprisoned, for casting ballast "upon a sufficient shore at Shields, without any harm to the river." It was ordered by the Hostmen that any one who should dare to sell coals to any such master of a ship as did not cast his ballast upon the town shore, should forfeit £20 per ton—an enormous fine in those days, when money was of much more relative value than it is now.

The Ropery Banks, at the east end of Sandgate, were, according to Bourne, the first ballast shore erected out of the town of Newcastle itself. This site, as well as the East Ballast Hill, a little further down the river, near the Glass House Bridge over the Ouseburn, and between that stream and St. Anthony's (named St. Tantlins in both Kitchen's and Bowen's maps), was purchased by the Corporation of the Lords of Byker. The ballast hills, almost from the day of their first formation, were used as a burying ground by the Presbyterians and other Dissenters in the town and neighbourhood, and by the poor of all denominations, down to the not very remote date when intramural burials were prohibited by statute. A portion of the ground was enclosed for the purpose in 1786, the cost being defrayed by public subscription. The Corporation permitted this to be done in compliance with the prayer of a petition from the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, setting forth that numbers of swine were daily observed working and grubbing among the graves there, near the petitioners' dwelling-

houses, to their great annoyance. The old Presbyterians, who considered the very entrance into an Episcopal Church an overt act of idolatry, and would by no means suffer the funeral service to be read over their dead, made use, from choice, of this ground; and many others also preferred it, on account of there being no burial fees, and the Corporation charging only sixpence for each interment. At one time, more bodies were deposited in it than in all the churchyards in the town.

In process of time, the exigencies of trade compelled the Corporation of Newcastle to grant licences to different persons to discharge and deposit ballast elsewhere than on the town shores. But they resisted the extension of this right as long as they could. Thus, when Sir Robert Heath, Lord Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas, built a ballast wharf or shore on his own land at Shields, the Corporation interfered, contending that it would spoil the river. But King Charles I.'s Privy Council decided that the work should proceed, one of the reasons being that the river was dangerous on account of the shoals, and, therefore, ships should not be compelled to go further up than was necessary to take in their cargo, and another, that the shore was needed on account of the salt-works, which, for his Majesty's service, were begun and intended to be prosecuted. At a court held at Greenwich on the 16th of June, 1631, it was therefore ordered that the said shore should be finished, and backed with ballast, to make it fit for these salt-works, and that the seamen should have liberty freely to cast their ballast there without interruption, if they found it convenient, none being compelled to it or hindered from it.

About the same date Jarrow Slake, 300 acres by estimation, was begun to be encircled by a wall, to make it a ballast shore, "for the good of ships and the river," it being proved that the ballast could be cast thereon without any prejudice, "lying there safe and *sad*, so that neither the wind could blow it off, nor the rain nor waves wash it into the river."

By and by, additional licenses were granted, the most profitable use to which the owners of the foreshore on the lower parts of the river could then put their land being to erect wharves to the extent of the frontage, and become ballast-deliverers. In this way, a long range of ballast hills arose, in course of time, facing the river, from Jarrow Quay Corner westwards; and similarly large mounds diversified the scene on both sides of the estuary at Hebburn, Walker, and Bill Point. Another long series was gradually heaped up, close behind the Low Street of South Shields, running south-west a distance of fully three-quarters of a mile. Here the boys of the town amused themselves to their hearts' content.

The late Mr. Thomas Salmon gives the following spirited account of the faction fights fought upon these hills in the days of his boyhood:—"The Fishers in the low part of the town fought against the Panners of the

high part, the sons of the upper classes being mingled with the other classes in the contests, the missiles used being, not smooth stones from the brook, such as those with which David slew Goliath, but stones of all sorts and sizes, gathered from the hills or battle-grounds of the respective belligerents. The two youthful armies were usually separated from each other by a chasm in the hill, used as a road by the carts employed in the conveyance of ballast from ships discharging at Fairles's Crane to the place of deposit; and when the charges were made the combatants rushed down from their encampment on the hill, across the ravine, and up the other hill to the opposite encampment, with shouts and threats; the hats taken on such occasions being ruthlessly sacrificed and destroyed as warlike spoils. The cutting through of this memorable battle-field by the Stanhope and Tyne Railway of necessity caused a discontinuance of those civil wars."

In Fryer's map of the Tyne, dated 1773, eighteen or twenty hills, ostensibly of ballast, are laid down as extending from the Mill Dam, near the centre of South Shields, to Jarrow Slake, at the back of East and West Holborn. Upon these hills at that time there was not, it would seem, a single house, nor was there any made road across them—at least none is marked.

But the older of the South Shields hills were formed, not of ballast, but of salt-pan rubbish, consisting to a large extent of coal dust, small coal, and cinders. The town was formerly famous for its extensive salt works, upwards of 200 large iron pans having been constantly employed in the manufacture of that article. There were one or two salt wells in the neighbourhood, and probably it was the existence of these wells that first gave rise to the idea of manufacturing salt there; but the chief source of supply was sea water from the river. The trade was carried on by several of the most wealthy families in the town and neighbourhood. About the beginning of last century, Shields salt was the most celebrated salt in the kingdom; and at the time when the duty upon it was £86 per ton, a great quantity used to be smuggled into Scotland, where some of the smugglers made little fortunes and bought landed estates. The smoke by day from the numerous salt-pans, and the fire by night from the adjacent heaps of burning rubbish, were a sight such as strangers could not but admire, and never forget. It is told of one of the curates of St. Hilda's, who had wooed and won his bride at Norham, that when he brought her home to Tyneside after the happy wedding, mounted behind him on a pillion, the young lady, as soon as they came within sight of Shields, burst into tears, and exclaimed, "Oh, man! ha' ye brought me a' this gyet, frae the bonnie banks o' the Tweed to Sodom and Gomorrha—for I'm shure yon's them!"

The burning hills of Shields form the subject of a picture which is in the possession, we believe, of the

Dean and Chapter of Durham, so long the lords of the manor of Westoe.

It is almost needless to say that persistent mound-building, continued for centuries, has quite transformed the natural features of the landscape at and near the mouth of the Tyne. South Shields particularly is no longer anything like what Nature made it. Even considerably less than a hundred years since, it was still a sort of quiet rural place. The high and low ends of the town were originally connected by a bridge thrown across a wide stream, which covered what is now called the Mill Dam. This splendid natural dock was the remains of an old sanded-up arm of the river that had once disembogued itself into the sea about half-way between the end of the Herd Sand and the Trow Rocks. The remains of a large vessel were found at a considerable depth, some years ago, in this old channel, embedded in sea sand mixed with shells. Some have conjectured, from the width of the valley and other indications, that this may in former times have been the main channel, or at least a large navigable mouth, so that the eminence at the Lawe, upon which the old Roman fort stood, was originally an island, first connected with the mainland by a long embankment, or causeway, in continuation of the Military Way, or Reken Dyke, literally the Giants' Dyke.

Eighty or ninety years ago, the Mill Dam, when filled with water from the river at high tide, was a very pretty object, its sides being covered with bright green salt grass, with gardens sloping down to it. It figures in old maps as a large ham-shaped basin, with the shank to the west, spanned by a bridge, and extending fully as far east as Waterloo Vale. But in the years 1816-18, shortly after the general peace, and during the currency panic, the trade of the town being in a deplorable state, and a number of workmen, especially shipwrights, being thrown idle, the men were employed in filling up the Mill Dam with ballast from a large heap which occupied the site of the present road past the glass-works—then Cookson's, afterwards Swinburne's, now Palmer's—and extended as far east as the end of West Street or Joe Lee's Lane on the one hand, and westward to the Mill Dam Bridge on the other. Part of the ground thus "filched from the river"—to use a phrase long current on the Tyne—was taken to enlarge St. Hilda's churchyard, the elevation of which, at the south end, was raised several feet.

To the west of the Beer Brewers' and Pigeons' Wells, which were situated a little to the north of the old South Shields waterworks, and south-west from the Mill Dam, stood a very high ballast heap called the Vitriol Hill, from a large vitriol manufactory which stood upon it. When the ordnance survey was made, many years ago, the top of this heap was used as a signal station, being the most elevated spot in the neighbourhood. It was cut down to clear the ground for the North-Eastern Railway station, and the stuff taken to form embankments along the line. This hill extended from where Coronation

Street was formed, at the time when George the Fourth came to the throne, to Claypath Lane, which led round its south base from Westoe Lane to Temple Town.

The ballast heap east of Laygate Lane and south of Trinity Church is of comparatively recent formation, as are likewise some of the other mounds along the line of the St. Hilda's waggon-way. But all the way up behind Holborn, back from the main street, to the head of the town, there was formerly nought but great heaps of pan rubbish, crowding one upon another, and only interrupted by Laygate Lane, a rough country road, or rather rut, for the passage of lime and farm carts to and from the town.

The enormous heap called Carpenters' Hill, between Nile Street and Hill Street, took fire in February, 1872, and continued burning for several years afterwards. Some said the fire was consequent upon the erection of a foundry at the north end of the hill, and it is certain that it broke out in that quarter; others attributed the casualty to the breaking of a gas-pipe. The fact is, however, that some such accident was almost sure to occur, sooner or later, owing to the inflammable nature of a large proportion of the constituents of the heap. When one house after another was destroyed by the fire, and the whole neighbourhood was plainly in imminent danger, the Corporation was implored to do something to stop the destructive process; but the Improvement Committee could not see its way how to interfere without infringing upon the rights of property and taking the responsibility from the parties directly concerned. The owners of the houses could not agree among themselves what to do, or, indeed, to do anything, and an Act of Parliament, or, at least, a law suit, would have been needed to compel them. Trenches were dug with the view of saving neighbouring houses, but neither long enough nor deep enough to do any good. Several tenants and owners ridiculed all idea of risk, founding their confidence on a few yards' lineal distance; and one or two even refused to let their more prudent neighbours dig trenches to isolate their houses. By and by, however, the fire, creeping stealthily and steadily on, reached these unbelievers' domiciles, and one fine morning they found themselves enveloped in foul smoke, like the after-damp or choke-damp in a coal pit, from which, to avoid being suffocated, they had to make their escape as fast as they could. Thirty families were thus forcibly unhoused, and their former habitations were reduced to blackened heaps. Volumes of smoke issued from the west side of the hill, and as far back as the top, even the sewers and ventilators acting as channel pipes to convey it to all parts. The underground fire was not suppressed till 1882, when the whole of the property on Carpenters' Hill had been destroyed.

A contemporary writer thus described the appearance of the burning hills of Shields in 1874:—"Among the first objects that strike a stranger on approaching the

entrance to the Tyne at night, especially after heavy rains, are the singular fires seen burning with more or less intensity, in the face of the curiously-shaped artificial cliffs formed by the huge deposits of ballast and other rubbish upon the Bents and at the Lawe. The fire is accompanied by a loud crackling noise and a fusty, sulphurous smell, which causes a peculiar sensation in those who visit the place for the first time. But the sight of incandescent pit-heap rubbish—as at Ryhope Colliery, for instance—is familiar to all dwellers in coal countries. It is precisely the same phenomenon, however, on a small scale, which volcanoes present, a deal of the alkaline and earthy stuff of which these heaps are formed being naturally decomposed with an evolution of intense heat whenever they come into contact with moisture."

This was not the first time that South Shields has been subjected to a similar casualty. The hill to the west of Cone Street took fire about ninety years ago, and quietly burned itself out. It took its name of the Red Hill or Red Hole, from this circumstance, owing to the bright colour of the burnt ashes.

A Bedlington Legend.



LONG years ago, at a time too remote to be specified in any local record, there lived in Bedlingtonshire, a part of Northumberland belonging to the County Palatine of Durham, a worthy couple, to whom the blind goddess of Fortune had given great store of wealth—it is not said in what manner acquired, whether by inheritance from their "forbears" or by their own industry and frugality. This couple had an only child—a daughter—to whom, when they should pay the debt of Nature, all their riches would come. She was fair beyond her compeers, "with ruby lips and auburn hair." She was, moreover, deeply in love with "a famous youth," who, though he had no fortune but his own worth, was prized by all who knew him "for generous acts and constant truth," and who warmly reciprocated her love.

When the girl's parents learned the state of the case, they did all in their power to induce her to break off the attachment, as cruel fathers and mothers are conventionally understood by young people always to do when there is money on the one side and none on the other. They did not reflect that many a hardy youth begins the world with nothing but his head and hands, and ends with being a millionaire; while others, of softer mettle, whose fathers have left them estates, die in the workhouse. James Robson's good qualities were not unknown to them. They knew him to be sober, steady, well-mannered, and amiable, as well as handsome—everything, in short, that a young fellow ought to be. But then one thing was lacking, and for that nothing in the world could make up: he

was the son of a poor widow, whose husband had been a hind, and he was himself only a common ploughman, living in a cot house.

So, finding that the young woman's heart was set upon her penniless sweetheart, and that it was impossible to hinder them from having almost daily or nightly stolen interviews, the old couple, "hoping it would be for her good," resolved to try what absence from the beloved object could effect, and made up their minds to send her away to an uncle's at Stokesley, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, then practically as far from Bedlington as the Land's End is now. The old ballad which is said to have related the sequel, but of which only a fragment is left (if, indeed, there was ever any more of it than the introduction, which John Bell gave to the world in his "Rhymes of Northern Bards"), tells how, at parting, there was

—many a sigh and tear
Of love and truth through life sincere ;
Nor death should part, for from the grave
Short time should the survivor save.

The lady had not been gone a week when the young man fell deadly sick.

He sickened sore, and heart-broke died,
Which pleased her parents' greedy pride.

They determined that she should now be wed to another,
Forgetful what she'd sworn or said.

On the night after the poor lad's funeral, the old man told his wife he would give his mare a double feed, so that she might be able to stand a little extra fatigue the next day. "And do thou," said he, "get all ready for a journey. Lay out thy hood and thy safeguard (meaning by the latter an outer petticoat, worn by women in those days to save their clothes in riding.) I will get saddle and pillion all right, and do thou prepare some bread and cheese for a lunch. We shall start for Stokesley before daybreak, and ere sundown thou shall see thy bonny daughter, if all goes well. There is no fear but we shall soon make her a happy bride, now that that fellow is dead and gone."

But the purse-proud farmer was reckoning without his host. For when that dead midnight hour arrived, "when restless ghosts their wrongs deplore," the deceased ploughman rode up to the door of the girl's uncle at Stokesley, upon her father's favourite mare, and knocked for admittance.

O, who is there? the maiden cries ;
O, it is I, the ghost replies.

And then he added, "Come out quick, love. Here is your mother's hood and safeguard, and this is your father's good grey mare. I have been sent for you as the most trusty messenger that could be got. You are to ride home with me forthwith. Fear no evil. No harm shall betide you."

The uncle, who had been wakened out of his first sleep by the noise at the door, hearing what the messenger from Bedlington said and, trusting that it was all right, and for his dear niece's good that she should take her departure

thus suddenly in the middle of the night, helped her to mount behind the man, whom he made to swear, however, that he would take her straight away to "her father dear," without insult or injury, doubt or damage.

No sooner had she got fairly seated on the pillion, with her right arm round her companion's waist to steady herself, than off they started.

They travelled faster than the wind ;
And in two hours, or little more,
They came unto her father's door.

This was hurricane speed ; for Stokesley is distant from Bedlington, as the crow flies, about fifty miles, and a good deal more by the road. Making this great haste, the rider began to complain soon that his head did ache ; whereupon the lady pulled out her handkerchief, and bound it round his brow. As she did so, she exclaimed, "My dear, you are as cold as lead." Then, the moon breaking out from under a dark cloud, she saw with surprise that her dear companion cast no shadow, though both herself and mare did. Arrived at her father's door, James set her gently down, and said

Your mare has travelled sore ;
So go you in, and, as I'm able,
I'll feed and tend her in your stable.

When she knocked, or "tirmed at the pin," as the old manner was, her father cried, "Who is there?" "It is I," replied the lovely maid. "I have come home in haste behind young James, as you ordered me." This made the hair stand upright on the old man's head, as well it might, he knowing that James was dead. But, letting in his daughter, he hurried into the stable, where he could see "no living shape of mankind." He only found his mare all in a sweat, which put him in a grievous fret, for he cared infinitely more, apparently, for his cattle than for any supernatural phenomenon.

The Flower of Bedlingtonshire, on learning the real state of the case, went from one fainting fit into another, and when she came partially to her senses remained quite inconsolable. The colour left her cheek, her rosy lips grew livid, her eye had an unnatural wildness, her whole frame shook and quivered, and it was plain that she was in a high fever. She was immediately put to bed, and the doctor sent for, but he, worthy man, could do her no good. Her symptoms and the cause of them were such as no medicine could deal with. She lay as quiet as a lamb, and made no complaint of any sort, but sank hopelessly from the very first. She knew she was fast dying. She expressed no regret at leaving this world, cut off, as she was, in the bloom and heyday of youth, by an unhappy fate, which had robbed her life of all its charm and hope, and would have left her desolate had she lived. When her mother spoke to her, she was silent ; when her father approached her bedside, she turned away ; and yet it was not unforgiveness, but pity—pity for him more than for herself. The only wish she expressed was to be buried in the same grave and laid in the same coffin with her lover.

And this her last will and testament was respected, so that it was done accordingly.

On opening the coffin, the hapless maid's handkerchief was found tied round his head, just as she had told her parents on her return home!

This story, which may have had some foundation in fact, finds a parallel in Bürger's celebrated ballad of "Leonore," which takes the highest rank in its class of lyrical compositions, and has been repeatedly translated into English.

Tramp, tramp! across the land they rode;

Splash, splash! across the sea.

Hurrah! the dead can ride apace!

Do'st fear to ride with me?

Richard Halfknight, Artist.

MR. RICHARD HALFKNIGHT, landscape painter, was born in High Street, Sunderland, on July 11th, 1855. Educated first at Sunderland, and then at a private establishment kept by the father of Miss Winifred Robinson, the violinist, on the outskirts of Boston, Lincolnshire, young Halfknight completed his studies at Clare College, Scorton, Yorkshire. On leaving school, he entered the office of Messrs. Jos. Potts and Son, architects, where he soon gained a reputation for the lovely colours he could mix for the decoration of plans, sections, elevations, &c.; but this occupation proving uncongenial, he left it, and entered his father's business as a painter and decorator. During the evenings he worked hard at the local school of art, under the direction of Mr. W. C. Way. All his holidays and spare moments were devoted to copying pictures from the small but choice collection of his father. Mr. Halfknight was also indebted to many of the connoisseurs residing on Wearside for the loan of works by artists from whom he thought he might obtain hints of a technical nature. About this period, a marine painter, named Callow, visited Sunderland, and, after being introduced by a mutual acquaintance, the two became very friendly. Mr. Callow strongly advised Mr. Halfknight to adopt painting as a profession. A legacy from a relative decided the business. At the age of twenty-one he started for London, full of ambition, and with a belief in his own abilities. Now began a struggle such as he says he devoutly hopes no other "brother of the brush" will ever have to undergo.

In the summer of 1884 Mr. Halfknight exhibited his first picture in the Royal Academy. This was a water-colour drawing, which at the time most people considered colossal in size for a work in that medium. "Dredging on the Thames" was the title, and 50in. by 30in. the size without frame. This year marked an epoch in Mr. Halfknight's career, as he joined Mr. Yeend King in a studio at St. John's Wood, a suburb famed for its temples devoted to art. Mr. King had just

returned from a three years' sojourn in Paris, bringing with him a wonderful stock of technical knowledge. Both artists being desirous of excelling as colourists, they set to work, and before long invented a palette which has since been largely imitated. Next year Mr. Halfknight exhibited two large pictures at the Royal Academy—a water-colour drawing, entitled "When Autumn Turns the Silver Thames to Gold," which was hung on the line in the place of honour; and an oil painting, representing "Streasley: Late Afternoon," which was hung as a pendant to Mr. Vicat Cole's "Ifley



Mill." Mr. Halfknight's picture was purchased by the Art Union of London, an institution which also honoured him by purchasing one of his works at the Suffolk Street Galleries during the same year.

The year 1886 was a most successful one, though fraught with much vexation of spirit. One of his best pictures, "Still Waters," was then painted. Recognizing in this a subject suitable for publishing, Mr. Halfknight had it photographed, and spent the greater part of a month in calling upon publishers, who, with the usual timidity of the class, refused to take it up, their principal reason being that Mr. Halfknight's work was unknown in their trade. Eventually he was obliged to part with his copyright to Messrs. Brooks and Sons for a small sum, but it gave him the opening for which he was striving. Scarcely a month after it was issued three hundred copies were sold, and the firm gave him a commission for a companion picture—this time at his own price. Up to the present, some ten thousand etchings of this picture have been dis-

posed of, and it is still selling. The same firm has published seven of Mr. Halfknight's pictures. The great French house of Goupil, now Boussod, Valadon and Co., with whom the artist had been in treaty for "Still Waters," now came forward and purchased two pictures, which they afterwards published as a pair in their process of photogravure. This venture proved remarkably successful, and copies were sold in such numbers that the plates were completely worn out in two years.

In 1888, Mr. Arthur Lucas published "The Daylight Dies," an etching by Mr. E. W. Evans, from Mr. Halfknight's picture in possession of the Sunderland Corporation. This also proved a successful venture.

Our portrait is reproduced from a photograph by Mr. Robinson, 14, Frederick Street, Sunderland.

Falldon Hall.

FALLODEN HALL, a large red brick mansion, the seat of Sir Edward Grey, Baronet, M.P. for the Berwick-on-Tweed Division of Northumberland, is situate about seven or eight miles north of Alnwick. A fine avenue, a mile in length, leads to the house, near which are many noble trees. Two silver firs measure respectively eleven feet nine inches and ten feet nine inches in circumference at a height of two feet from the ground. It was at Falldon that the second Earl Grey, whose name is rendered famous for its connection with the passing of the Reform Bill, was born on March 13, 1764.

Notes and Commentaries.

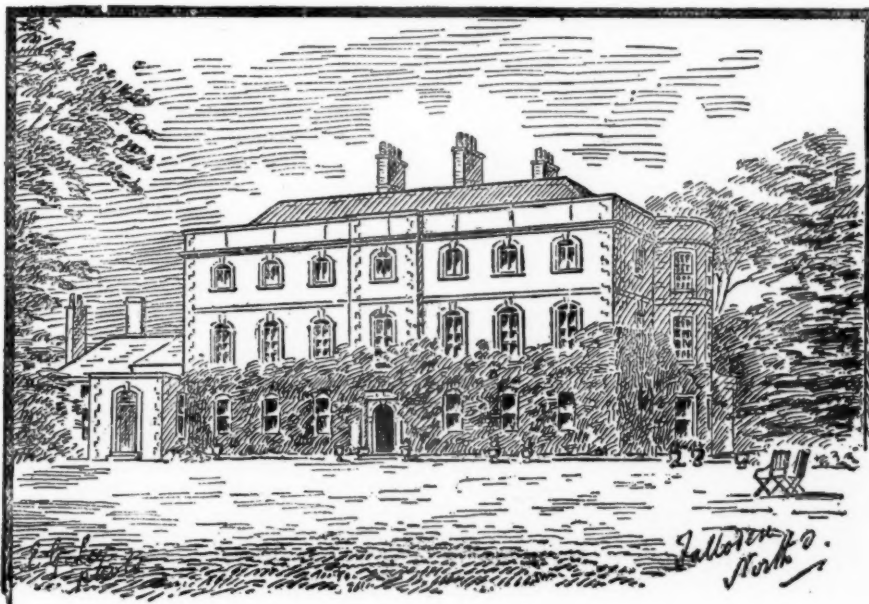
FAMILY LONGEVITY.

In the churchyard of the Parish Church of St. Lawrence, Appleby, Westmoreland, is a headstone bearing a remarkable record of longevity. The inscription is as follows:—

In Memory of
JOHN HALL OF HOFF ROW,
who departed this life June 19th, 1716,
aged 109 years;
also of JOHN HALL, his son, who died
Sept. 18, 1744, aged 86 years;
also of JOHN HALL of Hoff Row,
the grandson, who died March 27, 1821,
aged 101 years.

From the data given on this stone we may deduce the following facts:—The grandfather was born in 1607, was 56 years old when his son, No. 2 J. H., was born, and that he and his son were alive together for 53 years. The son, No. 2 J. H., was born 1663, was 57 years old when his son, No. 3 J. H., was born in 1720, the two being alive together 29 years.

Owing to the lateness in life of Nos. 1 and 2 at which their respective sons were born, the grandfather, notwithstanding his 109 years, did not live long enough by four years to see his grandson. To the same conjunction of circumstances is due the fact that the three lives covered the extraordinary space of time of 214 years, and what this means is, I think, best realised by considering that it comprised the reign of James I., from its 4th year, the reign of Charles I., the Commonwealth, the reigns of Charles II., James II., William and Mary, Queen



Anne, the first three Georges, and the 1st year of George IV.

It is also to be noted that the united ages of the three John Halls amounted to 296 years, wanting only four years to give an average of a century each, the actual average being 98 years 8 months.

For successive longevity in three generations, and for great expanse of time over which the three lives were spread, this must surely be a unique case.

G. WATSON, Penrith.

JOURNALISTIC ENTERPRISE AT KENDAL.

In 1837, as in 1890, there existed great competition among the London daily papers for the possession of "early intelligence," and the managers of the *Morning Herald* hit upon a clever scheme to forestall other papers in the printing of a political manifesto, delivered by Sir Robert Peel at Glasgow, on Friday, January 13th, 1837. Arrangements having previously been made with the editor of the *Kendal Mercury*, the *Morning Herald* reporters arrived by post-chaise at Kendal on the Saturday evening, the Glasgow speech having been delivered the night before. The compositors immediately set to work, and early on Sunday morning six columns were ready for the press. In the nick of time, another post-chaise arrived with 2,000 copies of the *Herald*, with a blank page for the six columns already set up in Kendal. This page was printed as fast as possible, and the papers were despatched on Sunday to all parts of Scotland and the North of England. At two o'clock on the same day a copy of the *Herald* was presented to Sir Robert Peel, as he passed through Kendal from Scotland, to his great astonishment; for if the paper had been printed in London it must have travelled 700 miles in 35 hours, omitting time required for transcribing, setting up type, &c., &c., and all this without the aid of railways or telegraphs. It was some time before the secret of this journalistic smartness leaked out.

G. W. NUGENT-HOPPER, Houghton-le-Spring.

"OLD WILL RITSON."

The following anecdote is related of "Old Will Ritson," whose portrait appears on page 189 of the present volume of the *Monthly Chronicle*.—While acting in his capacity of guide, "Old Will" had occasion to conduct a party of tourists to the summit of Scawfell Pike. The pleasure party contained a well-known bishop, whose busy, sedentary life gave him little opportunity of indulging in regular exercise. The top of the Pike was nearly reached, when the bishop, who was in anything but good training, sank on a boulder, and declared he could not climb any further. "Old Will," who was proud of having a bishop for his companion, and was loth to lose sight of his lordship, by way of exhorting him to further efforts, said, in all innocence, "Come, my lord, don't give up! Maybe

you'll never have a chance of being so near heaven again!" No one enjoyed the joke more than the worthy bishop, and "Old Will" would often tell the story with great glee.

G. W. NUGENT-HOPPER, Houghton-le-Spring.

THE OLD MILL, JESMOND DENE.

The picturesque Old Mill in Jesmond Dene, Newcastle, is supposed to have been built some time in the thirteenth century. It was, no doubt, constructed for a flour mill, where farmers in the neighbourhood took their corn to be ground into flour, and then sold the flour to shopkeepers—not like the farmers of the present day, who sell the corn to the miller, who in turn sells it to the merchant. For three or four generations the mill was occupied by a family named Freeman, who used it as a flour mill. It was then taken by a person named Pigg, who used it for grinding spoiled grain into pollards, a kind of feeding for pigs. It was next leased to a person named Charlton, who turned it into a flint-mill. The flint was carted there and ground, and then put in barrels and conveyed to the Pottery down the Ouseburn. The present caretaker at the Banqueting Hall, Jesmond Dene, worked the mill for Mr. Charlton. He helped to put the present water-wheel in about twenty-five years ago. The mill formerly belonged to Dr. Headlam. It was purchased from him by Sir William, now Lord Armstrong, who also bought the lease from Mr. Charlton. It has never worked since it became his property, but has been painted and photographed by innumerable artists and photographers.

O. M., Jesmond Dene.

THE REMAINS OF THE FORSTERS AT BAMBOROUGH.

A contributor to a Newcastle newspaper has summarised the particulars of Archdeacon Thorpe's examination of the coffins of the Forster family. On the 24th of September, 1847, the archdeacon's curiosity led him into the crypt beneath Bamborough Chancel. On a rude stone platform were five coffins. The first was perfect, and contained the body of Mr. Bacon Forster, of Adderstone, who died in 1765. The second contained the body of Ferdinando Forster, who died in 1701. The coffin had fallen to pieces, but there were traces of a whole figure. The leg and thigh bones were entire, and, in place of the skull, on which the coffin lid had fallen, was a mass of dust like white lime. This was the Forster that was said to have been murdered at Newcastle by Fenwick of Rock. In the third coffin was the body of John or William Forster, who died in 1700. The coffin was in much the same state as the preceding, with the difference that the skull was perfect. The fourth coffin contained the body of General Forster, the leader of the Northumberland rebels. The fifth and last coffin contained the body of Dorothy Forster, who

was buried in 1739. The coffin had fallen to pieces, and the remains were not consumed. The ribbon which had confined the jaw of the corpse was lying near it. It was this Dorothy who was said to have delivered her brother General Forster from prison.

STYFORD, Newcastle.

THOMAS TOPHAM IN GATESHEAD.

The following notice, distributed in April, 1739, records the appearance of a celebrated character in Gateshead:—

For the benefit of Thomas Topham, the strong man from Islington, whose performances have been looked upon by the Royal Society and several persons of distinction to be the most surprising, as well as curious, of anything ever performed in England; on which account, as other entertainments are more frequently met with than what he proposes, he humbly hopes ladies and gentlemen, &c., will honour him with their presence at the Nag's Head, in Gateshead, on Monday, the 23d of this instant, at four o'clock, where he intends to perform several feats of strength, viz.:—He bends an iron poker three inches in circumference, over his arm, and one of two inches and a quarter round his neck; he breaks a rope that will bear two thousand weight, and with his fingers rolls up a pewter dish of seven pounds hard metal; he lays the back part of his head on one chair and his heels on another, and suffering four men to stand on his body, he moves them up and down at pleasure; he lifts a table six feet in length by his teeth, with a half-hundredweight hanging at the further end of it; and lastly, to oblige the public, he will lift a butt full of water. Each person to pay one shilling.

R. D. M., Rochdale.

NEWCASTLE IN DANGER.

The following extract from the "Life of Alderman Barnes" shows how Newcastle-on-Tyne had a marvellous escape from destruction about the year 1684:—

One of his brother-in-law's (Alderman Hutchinson's) apprentices, stepping up into the back lofts to fetch somewhat he wanted, in his heedlessness and haste stops his candle into a barrel of gunpowder whose head was struck off, to serve instead of a candlestick. But the man, reflecting upon what he had done, was struck with affrightment; his heart failed him, nor durst he stay any longer, but, running downstairs, leaves the candle burning in the gunpowder cask, and, with horror, trembling, and despair, tells the family what indiscretion he had committed. They were all immediately at their witt's-end, and well they might, for the lofts were three stories high, very large, and stowed full with whatever is combustible, as brandy, oil, pitch, tar, rosin, flax, allum, hopps, and many barrells of gunpowder. Had the candle fallen to one side, or had the least spark fallen from the snuff into the cask, the whole town had been shaken, and the low part of it immediately blown up and in a blaze; but one of the labourers, a stout fellow, run forthwith into the loft, and, joyning both his hands together, drew the candle softly up between his middlemost fingers, so that if any snuff had dropt, it must have fallen into the hollow of the man's hand, and by this means was Newcastle saved from being laid in ashes.

J. W. FAWCETT, The Grange, Satley.

THOMAS MORTON, BISHOP OF DURHAM.

From the "Topography of York," we learn that the above-named prelate was born in the Pavement, York, in 1564. His father, Richard Morton (allied to Cardinal Morton, Archbishop of Canterbury), was a mercer, and is said to have been the first of his trade that lived here

—his successors in it being his apprentices. Morton entered St. John's College, Cambridge, of which he became a Fellow. Subsequently he became chaplain to Lord Evers, and was sent as ambassador to the King of Denmark and some German princes by King James I., after which he was preferred to the deaneries of Gloucester and Winchester first, then to the sees of Chester, Coventry, and Lichfield, and lastly to Durham. He was deprived of the latter bishopric by the Parliament in 1640, and died in 1659, aged 95. The writer of the prelate's life says that he was schoolfellow at York with Guy Fawkes, the Gunpowder Plot conspirator.

NIGEL, York.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

THE INVASION OF NEWCASTLE.

A group of workmen were discussing the possibilities and probabilities of a foreign invasion, and one of them, laying special stress upon the fact that Britain was so largely the workshop of the whole world, remarked, in sad accents: "Wey, wey, cheps, it'll be an aaful thing te see worsels killed, and wor toons block-headed wiv ships o' wor aan myekin' an' building! And, mebbies, Sor William hissel might be put te the sword wi' yen of his aan guns!"

THE RESURRECTION DAY.

The graveyard at Hetton-le-Hole having been too long in use, the bones of the departed are often dug up in making new graves. On a recent occasion, two miners who had been attending a funeral adjourned to a public-house to have some refreshment, when one of them, who was of a reflective turn of mind, said to his "marrow": "Man, Geordy, aa wes just thinking that at the Resurrection Day it will tyek 'em three weeks at least to get thorsels put reet, they seem se mixed up!"

A MONOPOLY.

"What's a monopoly, Geordy," said a Broomside workman, as he conned over a newspaper in which was recorded the assertion that the syndicate which had purchased the Durham Carpet Manufactory wished to have a monopoly. "Wey, man, aa cannot say for sartin what it is," was the answer; "but aa believe it's like that publican in Dorham thor that hes the notish stuck up in his bar tellin' the customers that he dissent alloo sweering in his hooose, caas he keeps a man in the back yard te do that for the customers. If that's not a monopoly, aa divvent knaa what is. But, man, that chep in the back yard will hev a het time on't if he hes te de as'll the sweering for ivvorybody whe gans te the hooose!"

THE WEDDING RING.

Pitman (returning to photographer with proof of group, himself and wife): "I say, Mistor, luik at that photo-

graph: ye can't see the wife's wedding ring." Photographer: "Oh, that's not of much consequence." Pitman: "Isn't it, begox? Folks'll think we are living a debauched life!"

JUNIOR OR SENIOR.

A member of a local co-operative store having handed in his checks, was asked his name by the clerk. "James Thompson," was the reply. "Junior or senior?" "Wey, aa divvent knaa; but thoo can put us doon Caesar if thoo likes; aa's ne way partic'lor!"

WHAT COLOUR WAS IT?

A Byker woman was instructing her son as to the purchase of a new suit of clothes. "Divvent get a varry dark suit, nor a varry leet yen; but get yen that's nythor yen nor t'uthor—a sort of mizzly-mazzly mixtor like peppor-an'-salt!"

LORD STOWELL AND LORD LOVELL.

Mr. John Lovell, the editor of the *Liverpool Mercury*, who died lately, was at one time manager of the Press Association. During a visit to Newcastle, Mr. Lovell was introduced to a gentleman of the name of Stowell—the Rev. William Stowell, then connected with the Newcastle press. "Mr. Lovell—Mr. Stowell." "Ah," said Mr. Lovell, "any relation to Lord Stowell?" "No," said Mr. Stowell: "any relation to Lord Lovell?"

THE NORTHUMBERLAND DIALECT.

Dr. Bruce, at a recent meeting of the Society of Antiquaries, told the following story:—When the old Percy Volunteers were summoned to the metropolis to put down the Lord George Gordon riots, two gentlemen who were passing were struck by the massive appearance of the men, and one went up to a volunteer and asked who they were. "The Northumborlind Tenintorry Voluntarys." "What did you say?" asked the gentleman. "The Nor-thum-bor-lind Tenintorry Voluntarys," was again the response. The gentleman retired, utterly unable to understand the man's language, and remarked to his companion, "I think they are Germans."

LEGAL VERBAGE.

Robin Goodfellow tells the following anecdote in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*:—There lived in Newcastle a few years ago a witty lawyer of the name of Philip Stanton. Mr. Stanton had for one of his clients a well-known Quaker bachelor of that time. The client complained of the useless verbiage employed in legal documents. The lawyer, however, explained that precise and elaborate expressions were necessary in all legal instruments. "For instance," he said, "if an earthquake were to occur in Newcastle, the ordinary newspaper report would probably read as follows:—'Mr. Batchelor and his housekeeper were thrown out of bed.' But a lawyer, drawing up a legal account of the occurrence, would say:—'Mr. Batchelor and his housekeeper were thrown out of their respective beds.'" It is not recorded that the client had anything more to say on the subject.

North-Country Obituaries.

At the Union Workhouse, Hexham, on the 10th of April, there died a man named William Jordan, who had attained the patriarchal age of 101 years. The deceased belonged to Corbridge. On the 25th of the same month, the death of another centenarian, named James Taylor, at the age of 101 years, was reported at a meeting of the Middlesbrough Sanitary Committee.

On the 11th of April, Mr. William Burnett, a well-known North Shields character, died at his residence, Milburn Place, in that town. The deceased, who was blind from his birth, was for some time a member of the Tynemouth Council.

On the 12th of April, Superintendent Robert Thorpe, head of the detective department of Middlesbrough police force, dropped down dead from heart disease, while investigating a case of robbery.

The remains of Mr. John Wilcox, shoemaker, were interred in the cemetery at Alnwick on the 15th of April. The deceased, who died on the 12th, at the advanced age of 87 years, was the oldest freeman of Alnwick.

On the 12th of April, also, died the Rev. John James Sidley, Vicar of Branxton, Cornhill-on-Tweed. The rev. gentleman received his appointment to Branxton in November, 1888, previous to which he was Vicar of Cambo, Curate of Christ Church, Gateshead, and of the Cathedral, Newcastle. The cause of death was influenza.

Mr. Robert Reed, of the Lodge, Felling, late manager of Felling Colliery, died at Croft on the 14th of April. The deceased was a member of the Board of Guardians and of the Felling Local Board. He was 74 years of age.

On the same day, at the age of 75, died Mr. Matthew Henderson, for thirty-five years superintendent of All Saints' Cemetery, Newcastle.

Mr. Alderman William Galloway, of Bensham Tower, Saltwell Lane, Gateshead, died there on the 19th of April. He was in his 71st year. For some time he carried on the business of nail manufacturer in Newcastle, subsequently transferring it to Gateshead, with which town he became more closely identified. Entering the Council about 1869, he was elevated to the position of Mayor in 1875, and in 1877 he was raised to the aldermanic bench.

On the same day, at the age of 72, died Mr. Mason Watson, at his residence in Summerhill Street, Newcastle. The deceased was a native of North Shields. Migrating to Newcastle when quite a youth, he became an assistant to Sir John Fife. After the death of that gentleman, he commenced business as a chemist, but, relinquishing that trade in 1868, he became an estate and property agent.

Mr. John Sadler Challoner, founder of the stockbroking firm which bears his name in Dean Street, Newcastle, also died on the 19th of April. Mr. Challoner, who had reached the advanced age of 79 years, had likewise been for some years a member of the Board of Guardians. The deceased was a son of Mr. John Challoner, who formerly held an important position under the old Newcastle and Carlisle Railway Company.

Mr. Robert Frazer, who had acted as postmaster at Consett for ten or twelve years, died on the 19th of April, at the age of 62.

On the 21st of April, Mr. William Peel, an old Radical

reformer and temperance advocate, died at Gateshead. He was a member of the Primitive Methodist Church, and was at one time a preacher in that body. He was a member of the Council of the Northern Reform Union, and an effective speaker at its meetings. The deceased was in the 74th year of his age.

Mr. W. Telford, for many years a member of the Newcastle police force, and afterwards one of the city lodging house inspectors, died on the 23rd of April, in the 61st year of his age.

Mr. William John Pawson, of Shawdon, who was High Sheriff of Northumberland in 1861, and was in the 73rd year of his age, died on the 23rd of April.

On the 25th of April, the death was announced as having taken place, at his son's residence, Wardley Hall, of Mr. John Swallow, who stood with George Stephenson, the inventor of the locomotive, on one of his early productions at its first trial at West Moor. Mr. Swallow was 78 years of age.

Mr. John M. Gray, of the Redhouse Farm, Jarrow, a member of the South Shields Board of Guardians, died on April 28, aged 36.

"Elfin," in the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* of the 1st of May, announced the death of Mr. Thomas Thompson, of Sewing Shields, Northumberland, the champion player on the Northumberland small-pipes.

On the 30th of April, Mrs. F. J. W. Collingwood, of Glanton Pyke, Northumberland, died at Springfield, Sydenham.

Mr. Henry Ridgeway, who for sixty years had carried on the business of cutler and ironmonger in Sunderland, died on the 1st of May, at the age of 88.

Mr. H. A. Dale, for many years chief book-keeper for the Tyne Commission, died on the 2nd of May.

Dr. George Douglass, formerly district medical officer for East Gateshead, died at Gateshead on the 3rd May. The deceased, who was also a magistrate for the borough, was about 57 years of age.

On the same day, in the Gateshead Workhouse, died George Stephenson, a local character, better known by the nickname of "The Hatter."

Mr. Hugh Dryden, a well-known and much-esteemed farmer, belonging to Ling Close Farm, near Haswell, also died on the 3rd of May, at the ripe old age of 87 years.

On the 5th of May, Mr. Charles Thubron, of the firm of Messrs. R. Thubron and Co., timber merchants, Newcastle, died at Matlock, where he had gone for the benefit of his health. He was 55 years of age.

On the same day, died the Rev. John Parker, long pastor of Smyrna Presbyterian Church, Borough Road, Sunderland, and the oldest minister of religion in that town. Mr. Parker, who was a native of Greenlaw, Berwickshire, first went to Sunderland as minister at the Presbyterian Church, in Spring Garden Lane, 57 years ago, and he was one of the first temperance reformers in the town. The deceased gentleman was 82 years of age.

Mr. William Crofton, one of the old standards of Chester-le-Street, and a freeman of the city of Durham, likewise died on the 5th of May. The deceased was over 80 years of age.

Mrs. Sarah Fellows, who was the oldest inhabitant of Greenside, where she had resided almost all her life, died in that village on the 5th of May, at the age of 85 years.

Mr. Thomas Phipps, an old railway contractor, and a native of Barrasford, North Tyne, died on the 6th of May. Among the works executed by Mr. Phipps was the

Border Counties Railway, now known as the Waverley route.

On the same day died Mrs. Pocklington Senhouse, Netherall, Cumberland, at the advanced age of 85. The deceased lady was the representative of a family which has held a leading position in Cumberland for nearly four hundred years.

Mr. William R. Fawcett, solicitor, of Stockton, died very suddenly shortly after addressing a public meeting at Skelton, near Saltburn, on the 6th of May. The deceased gentleman was 49 years of age.

Mrs. Corvan, widow of Ned Corvan, the well-known Tyneside comedian, vocalist, and poet, died at the house of her brother-in-law, Mr. Michael Purvis, pilot, South Shields, on the 7th of May.

On the 8th of May, Mr. John Marwood, chairman of the Redcar Local Board, died at the age of about sixty years.

In the *Railway Herald* of the 10th of May was announced the death, as having taken place on April 19, of Mr. John Hedley, late locomotive superintendent at Beattock Station, on the Caledonian Railway. The deceased, who was 82½ years old, passed his early years at Killingworth, and was a schoolfellow of the late Robert Stephenson, the eminent engineer.

Mr. Matthew Armstrong, a native of Alston, and long connected with the establishment of Messrs. R. and W. Hawthorn, at Forth Banks, Newcastle, died at the age of 77, on the 10th of May.

On the same day, died, at the age of 79 years, Mr. Matthew Sheraton, who was for many years one of the leading drapers in Sunderland.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

APRIL.

11.—A joint committee of Durham coalowners and miners was appointed to consider the best means of improving the relations between the two bodies.

—The North-Eastern Basic Slag Mills at Middlesbrough were destroyed by fire.

—Lord Wolmer, M.P., addressed a political meeting at Darlington, under the auspices of the Durham and North Riding Liberal Unionist Association. On a subsequent evening he spoke at Durham.

12.—The dead body of a wherryman named John Corby, about 35 years of age, was found in the river Tyne at Newcastle, a heavy chain being tightly wound round the corpse.

—A handsome memorial to the memory of the late Mr. William Ferguson Locke, an active and advanced politician, who died on the 7th of September, 1889, aged 43 years, was publicly unveiled in Bedlington Cemetery, by Mr. Thomas Burt, M.P. The following lines, by Dr. James Trotter, were sculptured beneath the inscription:—

Here lies a man whose badge of fame
Was fairly won in freedom's name,
Whose gen'rous heart and mind sincere
Were tempered by his judgment clear;
For whom fair virtue sketched a plan,
And fashioned him an honest man.

Now truth her fearless champion mourns,
And virtue's altar dimly burns:
While friendship wanders through the gloom
To plant a wreath upon his tomb,
And grave on freedom's sacred rock
The honoured name of William Locke.

—Mechanics' Institutes, presented to the workmen of the respective collieries by the Cowpen Coal Company, were inaugurated at Cowpen Colliery and the Isabella Pit.

—A miners' hall was opened at New Seaham.

—There were great rejoicings and festivities at Newton Hall, on the occasion of the coming of age of Miss Maud Isabel Joicey, eldest daughter of the late Colonel Joicey, M.P. for Durham.

—A new cemetery for Byker and Heaton, Newcastle, was opened on the Benton Road.

13.—For the first time in the history of Durham, a church parade of friendly society members took place in that city.

—A juvenile evangelist, termed "The Boy Preacher," from Cumberland, commenced a series of services in the Nelson Street Primitive Methodist Chapel, Newcastle. A similar phenomenon appeared in Newcastle on the 1st of October, 1835.

14.—The Sunderland bricklayers agreed to accept an advance of a farthing an hour in their wages.

—"Sampson," another strong man, appeared at the Gaiety Theatre of Varieties, Nelson Street, Newcastle. (See *ante*, page 240.)

—A young woman, named Margaret Duncan, was accidentally shot at Newbottle, by the discharge of an air-gun carried by a young man called John J. Raine. She died on the 16th.

15.—It was stated that the will of the late Mr. John Fleming, solicitor, Newcastle, had been proved, the personality amounting to £185,224 15s., while the real estate was estimated as worth £100,000.

—Mr. Gainsford Bruce, Q.C., M.P., presided at the ninth annual meeting of the Newcastle branch of the Lord's Day Observance Society.

—The Rev. A. S. Wardroper, on leaving All Saints' Church, Newcastle, was presented with an oak casket and a purse containing 200 sovereigns.

16.—An Old Boys' Club, for athletic and social purposes, was formed in connection with the Royal Grammar School, Newcastle.

The spring show of the Incorporated Botanical and Horticultural Society of Durham, Northumberland, and Newcastle, was opened in the Town Hall, Newcastle. The total proceeds for the two days amounted to £140, or about £16 less than last year.

—It was agreed to renew the sliding scale wages' arrangement in connection with the Cleveland blast-furnace-men.

17.—At the Bow Street Police Court, London, Mr. James Davis was fined £50 and costs for having published a libel on the Earl of Durham in the *Bat* newspaper.

—In the Court of Queen's Bench, before Mr. Justice Denman and a special jury, Miss Amelia Hairs brought an action against Sir George Elliot, Bart., M.P., for breach of promise of marriage. On the following day the jury disagreed, and were discharged without a verdict.

—The s.s. *Euclid*, of Sunderland, foundered at sea off Seaham, after having been in collision with the s.s. *Altyre*, of Aberdeen, the captain and three of the crew of the *Euclid* being drowned.

18.—The Rev. J. Rees having resigned the living of

St. Jude's Church, Newcastle, the appointment was accepted by the Rev. Charles Digby Seymour, curate of Christ Church, Shieldfield, and son of Mr. W. Digby Seymour, County Court Judge, Newcastle.

—An International Photographic Exhibition, promoted by and under the management of the Northern Counties Photographic Association, was opened in the Art Gallery, Newcastle, by the Mayor, Mr. T. Bell, in the presence of a very large company.

—A man was badly hurt at a fire which broke out in Sir Raylton Dixon and Co.'s No. 2 shipyard at Middlesbrough.

—The degree of LL.D. was conferred by Edinburgh University on Mr. James Hardy, hon. secretary of the Berwickshire Naturalists' Field Club, for his life-long devotion and his most important services to natural science and archaeology.

19.—The servants and constables employed by the North-Eastern Railway Company received an advance of a shilling per week in their wages.

20.—Dr. Fergus Ferguson, of Glasgow, preached in Bath Lane Church, Newcastle, his sermons having special reference to the late Rev. Dr. Rutherford.

21.—It was announced that Mr. John Charlton, of Cullercoats, had received a command from the Queen to paint a picture of the procession from Buckingham Palace to Westminster Abbey on the occasion of her Majesty's jubilee in 1887.

—A conference of members of the religious bodies of Newcastle, Gateshead, and the district was held in the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, Newcastle, for the purpose of promoting united religious action with regard to drunkenness, gambling, and other prevalent social evils. The Rev. Canon Lloyd, vicar of Newcastle, presided, and a committee was appointed.

—The Rev. Canon Pennefather was appointed vice-chairman of the Newcastle School Board, in room of the late Dr. Rutherford.

22.—The Mayor of Morpeth (Mr. F. E. Schofield) was presented, at a meeting of the Town Council, with a new gold chain, to be worn by him on official occasions, to be handed by him to his successor, and so on from Mayor to Mayor in perpetuity.

23.—This being St. George's Day, the soldiers attached to the dépôt of the Northumberland Fusiliers at Newcastle wore cockades of roses on their hats.

24.—It was announced that the will of Mr. Alderman Henry Milvain, of Newcastle, had been proved at the Probate Court. The gross value of his personal estate was set down at £36,479 17s. 2d., and the net value £22,617 3s. 8d.

—Mr. O'Leary, president of the Royal Academy of Music, London, and Mr. John Francis Barnett, who represented the Royal College of Music, visited Newcastle for the purpose of examining candidates for scholarships and certificates.

25.—Mr. James Coltman, a member of the Newcastle Board of Guardians, received a letter from Mr. Charles D. Andrews, Leominster, executor of the will of Mr. Lewis Thompson, who bequeathed £15,000 for the relief of the rates in the parish of Byker, intimating that the money would be invested, and that the interest would be duly forwarded in accordance with the conditions of the will. (See vol. for 1889, pp. 286, 322, and 478.)

—The boundaries of the borough of Morpeth were perambulated by the Mayor and Corporation.

—At a meeting of the Sunderland and Newcastle Committee of the Primitive Methodists, in Newcastle, it was stated that Mrs. Shaw, of Gateshead, who died some time ago, had bequeathed £926 4s. 7d. to the Primitive Methodist body.

—The Rev. J. G. Binney, Congregational minister, Gateshead, was presented with a bicycle by the members of his church.

26.—Master Willie Scott, a little pianist, 11 years old gave his first public performance at the Art Gallery, Newcastle.

—Mr. George Bell, jun., was elected a member of the Newcastle School Board, in room of the late Dr. Rutherford.

—Memorial stones were laid of a new Wesleyan Chapel and manse at Amble.

28.—The Rev. John Thompson, M.A., of Westmoreland Road Presbyterian Church, Newcastle, was elected Moderator of the Synod of the Presbyterian Church of England, whose sittings commenced at Liverpool.

—Mr. Samuel Plimsoll, the sailors' friend, visited Sunderland.

—A town's meeting, called by the Mayor, in response to a numerously-signed requisition, was held in the Town Hall, Newcastle, to take into consideration the advisability of having musical performances in the parks and recreation grounds on Sundays. The Mayor (Mr. T. Bell) presided. A resolution was submitted on behalf of the requisitionists asking for the withdrawal of the decision of the City Council prohibiting music in the parks or recreation grounds on Sundays, to which an amendment in favour of the Council's resolution remaining in force was moved. The Mayor declared the amendment to be carried by a small majority.

29.—An ironworker named Richard Brown, about 40 years of age, residing in Hewitt's Court, Nun's Lane, Gateshead, leaped from the High Level Bridge into the river Tyne, and was afterwards rescued in safety.

—The operative joiners of Newcastle and Gateshead resolved to accept an advance of 2s. 1d. per week in their wages.

30.—It was announced that a new turret clock, with striking machinery, had been erected by Earl Grey on his residence at Howick Hall.

—A destructive fire broke out at Messrs. Brown's timber yard, Stockton Street, West Hartlepool.

—The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh passed through Newcastle, en route for Edinburgh, where they opened an International Exhibition on the following day.

—The large public lamps at the Cattle Market and the Central Station, Newcastle, were lighted by electricity, for the first time.

—The ceremony of confirming the election of the Rev. Brooke Foss Westcott, D.D., as Bishop of Durham, was performed in the York Minster, before the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Beverley, acting as Commissioner for the Archbishop of York. The consecration of the new Bishop took place on the following day in Westminster Abbey.

MAY.

1.—Eighty thousand pounds of tea were taken out of bond in Newcastle, the largely-increased demand being attributable to the reduction of duty of 2d. per lb. coming into force through Mr. Goschen's Budget.

—The ancient ceremony of riding the bounds of Berwick

was performed by the Mayor, Sheriff, and members of the Town Council.

—A three days' auction of the furniture and appointments of the late Mr. John Fleming, solicitor, was brought to a close at Gresham House, Newcastle. The books included copies of Bewick's "Fables" and Brand's "History and Antiquities of Newcastle," the former of which was sold for £5 5s., and the latter for £4 4s.

2.—Pecuniary difficulties, which threatened to interpose, having been overcome, the syndicate of Cambridge University resolved to accept the gift of the Newall Telescope; and it was resolved to appoint as observer Mr. H. F. Newall, of Trinity College, son of the donor, who had generously offered his services in that capacity gratuitously for five years, in addition to promising £300 for the initial expense. (See volume for 1889, p. 283.)

—The Duke of Northumberland was elected president of the Royal Institution.

3.—Messrs. A. Tindall and Co., agricultural auctioneers, opened a new mart at Bellingham, Northumberland.

—Miss Helen Gladstone, daughter of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., opened a new High School for Girls in Jesmond, Newcastle. (See page 257.)

—W. H. Shipley, of South Shields, made a balloon ascent from Jesmond Football Field, Newcastle, and, after attaining a height of 1,700 feet, alighted safely by means of a parachute on the Town Moor, near the Cowgate.

4.—The Rev. J. W. Bowman, B.A., commenced his work as minister of West Clayton Street Congregational Church, Newcastle.

5.—At the Elswick Shipyard of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co., there was launched an armed cruiser, named the *Necochea*, built for the Argentine Government.

6.—A conference on the subject of allotment culture and small fruit farms was held in the theatre of the Literary and Philosophical Institution, Newcastle, where an address was given by Mr. R. K. Goodrich, of Brook Glen, Methwold, Norfolk, founder of the Fruit Farm Colony.

—Probate of the will of the late Mr. Alderman John Oliver Scott, of Newcastle, was issued from the Probate Court at Newcastle, the total value of the personality being £47,958 14s. 11d.

—The Presbyterian congregation of St. George's Church, Sunderland, took possession of their new building in Belvedere Road. The opening service was conducted by the Rev. J. Oswald Dykes, D.D.

—At Tynemouth Congregational Church, Miss Annie Marshall, daughter of Mr. F. C. Marshall, managing director of Messrs. Hawthorn, Leslie, and Co.'s works, Newcastle, was married to Mr. William Henry White, Naval Constructor to the Admiralty, and formerly connected with the Elswick shipyard of Sir W. G. Armstrong and Co.

7.—To celebrate the jubilee of Forestry in the Shields district, a banquet was held in the Free Library Hall, South Shields, when upwards of 200 gentlemen sat down at the tables. The chair was occupied by Brother W. R. Smith.

—At a special meeting of the Newcastle Council, it was unanimously decided to confer the freedom of the city on Mr. H. M. Stanley, the eminent African explorer.

7.—While foundations were being prepared at Nicholson House stables, near Christ Church, Sunderland, the workmen came across a human skeleton, which was lying face

upwards. What appeared to be the remains of an urn of ancient date, with a halfpenny dated 1627, were found at the same place.

8.—A meeting was held, under the presidency of the Mayor of Newcastle, for the purpose of considering the advisability of transferring the assets and liabilities of the Hartley Colliery Relief Fund to the Northumberland and Durham Miners' Permanent Relief Fund, but the matter was adjourned to another meeting.

—It was announced that the will of Dr. J. H. Rutherford, of Newcastle, had just been proved, the amount of the personal estate being given as £1,499 12s. 4d.

10.—What is known as the twelve o'clock Saturday came into operation in the engineering and kindred trades on the Tyne, Wear, and Tees.

10.—The coming-of-age of the Co-operative Printing Society was celebrated by a dinner and miscellaneous entertainment in the dining-room of the Co-operative Wholesale Society, Newcastle, the chair being occupied by Mr. John Shotton, chairman of the Newcastle branch.

—A social re-union of Welshmen took place in the Whitburn Street Wesleyan School, Monkwearmouth.

General Occurrences.

APRIL.

12.—The Marquis Tseng, the distinguished Chinese statesman, died at Peking.

17.—Mr. Goschen presented his Budget statement to the House of Commons. The chief propositions contained in it were the reduction of the duty on tea by 2d. per lb., and on the beer duty by 3d. per barrel. Duties on gold and silver plate were to be abolished, while the duty on currants, inhabited houses, health insurance policies, and apprentices' indentures, was to be reduced. The duty on spirits was to be increased 6d. per gallon. The surplus, estimated to amount to three millions and a half, was to be utilized in the building of barracks, in equipments for volunteers, and in the reduction to 2½d. of the Indian and Colonial postage. Another feature of the Budget scheme was the transfer to the County Councils of the revenue from the increased spirit duties, for the purpose of compensating publicans for such licenses as it may be thought proper to extinguish.

—James Davis was fined £50 and costs for having libelled Lord Durham in a publication called *The Bat*.

—Mr. John Barnett, the well known musical composer, died at Cheltenham. He was 88 years of age. Amongst his compositions were the "Mountain Sylph," the first English opera, and a large number of popular songs, such as "The Light Guitar," "Rise, Gentle Moon," &c.

—Serious conflicts took place between the military and some workmen on strike in Moravia.

18.—An action for breach of promise of marriage was brought against Sir George Elliot by Miss Emiline Hairs, a professional singer. After two days' hearing, the jury disagreed.

20.—A French force of 350 men was defeated and driven back by the Dahomians at Porto Novo, West Coast of Africa. The French loss was thirty soldiers and twenty native auxiliaries wounded.

23.—Riots occurred at Biala, in Galicia. The soldiers were resisted, and compelled to use their firearms, several rioters being killed and wounded.

26.—Giovanni Succi, an Italian, completed a voluntary fast of forty days at the Westminster Aquarium, London.

—Mr. H. M. Stanley, the African explorer, arrived at Dover, and was afterwards received with extraordinary honours in London and other parts of the kingdom. The Geographical Society gave a grand reception on May 5 in the Royal Albert Hall, which was crowded by a brilliant audience.

29.—The French war vessel *Kerguelen* began the bombardment of Whydah, West Coast of Africa, which was continued the following day.

30.—Mr. Edwin Waugh, the Lancashire poet, died at

New Brighton in his 73rd year. His verses, which were chiefly in the Lancashire dialect, won for him a high reputation all over the English-speaking world. The best-known of his songs is the one entitled, "Come Whoom to thi Childer and Me."



MR. EDWIN WAUGH.

MAY.

1.—Great demonstrations, organised by the Socialists, were held in the chief cities of the Continent.

—An international exhibition of industries, electrical engineering,

and general inventions was opened at Edinburgh.

4.—An enormous demonstration of the members of the London Trades Council, the Social Democratic Federation, and other bodies, all of whom were in favour of the working day being limited to eight hours by Act of Parliament, was held in Hyde Park, London. Large crowds watched the procession, the total number of spectators and demonstrators being computed at nearly a million. Resolutions in favour of the objects of the meeting were passed unanimously.

5.—The death was announced of the celebrated French painter, M. Robert Fleury.

6.—The Longue Private Lunatic Asylum, Montreal, Canada, was destroyed by fire. According to the lowest estimates, fully one hundred of the inmates were burnt to death.

7.—The Chenango County Poorhouse and Lunatic Asylum, New York, U.S., was burnt, thirteen persons being killed.

9.—A Parliamentary election took place for East Bristol, the result being:—Sir Joseph Dodge Weston (Gladstonian Liberal), 4,775; Mr. James Inskip (Conservative), 1,900; and Mr. J. Havelock Wilson (Labour Candidate), 602.

10.—A Jubilee gift from the British army to the Queen was presented at Buckingham Palace by a deputation of leading officers of the army.